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439 Liverpool.—A Selection of Hymns for
Public and Private Worship, sm. 8vo,
bds., untrimmed, 5s 1818

For the use of the Congregation of Unitarian
Christians assembling in Renshaw Street
Chapel, Liverpool.

A



SELECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

11
Liverpool. Renshaw St. Chapel

Liverpool:

PRINTED FOR W. ROBINSON AND SONS,
SOLD BY THEM ; AND R. HUNTER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,
AND D. EATON, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

F. B. Wright, Printer.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

PREFACE.

THE following Collection of Psalms and Hymns was made at the desire of the Congregation of Unitarian Christians, assembling in Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, for the use of their Society.

The Work is compiled from a variety of publications, with the exception of a few Hymns distinguished in the Index by the mark *, for which the Editors are indebted to several friends. It has been the object of the Compilers to admit nothing incompatible with those doctrines which the Society holds alone to be in conformity with the attributes of the Deity, and the tenor of Scripture.

PREFACE.

Wherever it was possible, recurrence has been had to the original text, which is in general adhered to.

Although the principal object in view was to form a Collection for Public Worship, yet, it is presumed, the present volume will not be the less acceptable if some of the Hymns appear equally adapted for family or private use.

The Editors conceive that the miscellaneous arrangement adopted will not be found disagreeable to the general Reader, while the classified Index at the end of the book will afford an easy reference to any particular subject.

Liverpool, May, 1818.

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PSALMS AND HYMNS.

1. *Long Metre.*

1

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let his almighty name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2. *Long Metre.*

1

SUPREME o'er all Jehovah reigns,
All space his temple and his throne ;
Yet where his people meet to pray,
He calls that humble church his own.

2

O let us, with each power we boast,
Bend at his feet with awe profound ;
Put off whate'er deforms or stains,
And think we tread on holy ground.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3. *Common Metre.*

1

SLEEP, sleep to day, tormenting cares !
Of earth and folly born ;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

2

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of my soul.

3

Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, cleansed from sin, may I behold
A God of purity !

4. *Long Metre.*

1

SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5. *Long Metre.*

1

O how delightful is the road
That guides us to thy temple, Lord !
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.

2

O heavenly treasures ! glorious light !
From ancient sages long concealed ;
Till Christ restored the feeble sight,
And God's unchanging word revealed.

6. *Long Metre.*

1

O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear, nor doubt, shall enter here,
All shall be thine at least to-day.

2

We will not bring divided hearts,
To worship at thy sacred shrine ;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine.

3

O Father ! God below, above !
Man's noblest work is praising thee !
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them to all harmony.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

7. *Short Metre.*

1

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.

2

He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3

Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

8. *Short Metre.*

1

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
Which saw the saviour rise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

One day, amidst the place
In which our God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

9. *Common Metre.*

1

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

3

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4

Ten thousand differing lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

10. *Long Metre.*

1

GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers ;
May we employ, in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours !

2

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly !
Where God resides appear no more :
Omniscient God ! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.

11. *Proper Metre.*

1

LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear ;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

2

Wandering thoughts and languid powers,
Come not where devotion kneels !
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3

Now begin the glorious song ;
Theme of wonder, love and joy ;
Angels shall the notes prolong ;
Seraphs ! 'tis your blest employ.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

12. *Proper Metre.*

1

To thee my God, without delay,
My morning homage I will pay,
For thee I long, to thee I look :
So travellers in desert lands,
'Midst sultry gleams and scorching sands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

2

Within thy courts I've seen thy power,
And learned to prize thy favour more
Than life itself, with all its joys ;
There let thy smiles again appear,
Again my drooping spirit cheer,
And to thy praise attune my voice.

13. *Common Metre.*

1

THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2

Hosanna, in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

14. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercy there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

15. *Common Metre.*

1

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise ;
Let all, inspired with sacred mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2

God's tender mercy knows no bound ;
His truth shall ne'er decay ;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

16. *Common Metre.*

1

My God ! my King ! to thee I'll raise
My voice and all my powers ;
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.

2

Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise,
And tune my everlasting song
When all creation dies.

17. *Proper Metre.*

1

I'LL bless Jehovah's glorious name,
Whose goodness heaven and earth proclaim,
With every morning light ;
And at the close of every day,
To him my cheerful homage pay,
Who guards me through the night.

2

Then in his churches to appear,
And pay my humble worship there,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
The day that saw my saviour rise
Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
With every sacred joy.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

18. *Long Metre.*

1

PRAISE ye the Lord ; let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2

Recount his works in strains divine ;
His wondrous works how bright they shine !
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3

Let all whom life and breath inspire
Attend and join the blissful choir ;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

19. *Proper Metre.*

1

LET thy various realms, O earth !
Praises yield to heaven's high Lord ;
Praise him, all of human birth,
And his wondrous acts record.

2

See his mercy o'er our land
Spread its ever-healing wing,
And his truth through ages stand ;
Praise, O praise the Eternal King !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

20. *Short Metre.*

1

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2

Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

21. *Common Metre.*

1

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
“ In Zion let us all appear,
“ And keep the solemn day.”

2

I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To shew his milder face.

3

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

22. *Common Metre.*

1

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.

3

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

4

Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace !

23. *Long Metre.*

1

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay ?
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3

Vain sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

24. *Common Metre.*

1

EARLY my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2

Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my grateful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

3

Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and king;
Thus, will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

25. *Long Metre.*

1

ALMIGHTY God, before whose throne,
The secrets of all hearts are known !
Thou, who approv'st the voice sincere,
And hear'st and answer'st all our prayer ;

2

Thou, who the homage wilt despise,
Of lying lips and wandering eyes ;
And spurn the sacrifice that brings
To heavenly aims terrestrial things ;

3

O grant us, in this awful hour,
To feel thy love, to own thy power ;
And from the world's allurements free,
Raise each exalted thought to thee.

26. *Long Metre.*

1

GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise ;
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

O ! like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day !
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

4

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

27. *Long Metre.*

1

SING to the Lord a joyful song ;
Earth to his praise the note prolong,
Till realms remote his acts have known,
And man's whole race his wonders own.

2

Before the beauty of his shrine,
Ye saints, in low prostration join ;
Ye natives of each distant shore,
His power revere, his name adore.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

28. *Common Metre.*

1

O ALL ye nations praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue :
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2

His mercy reigns through every land ;
Proclaim his grace abroad ;
For ever firm his truth shall stand ;
Praise ye the faithful God.

29. *Proper Metre.*

1

YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record ;
His sacred name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2

Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds ;
The heavens are far below his height.
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with his uncreated might.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

30. *Common Metre.*

1

ETERNAL source of life and light!
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2

Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3

Safely conduct us by thy grace
Through life's perplexing road ;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
In heaven, thy blest abode.

31. *Common Metre.*

1

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

32. *Long Metre.*

1

ETERNAL source of life and thought !
Be all beneath thyself forgot ;
Whilst thee, great parent-mind ! we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2

Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They, wondering, to their father rise,
His power, how vast ! his thoughts, how wise !

3

O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace ;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love !

33. *Proper Metre.*

1

HERE, Lord, within thy sacred dome,
We bring no vain oblation ;
The pious heart here finds its home,
And glows with adoration.
Great is the Lord, his praise be great ;
We bow, we worship at his feet,
And bless his great salvation.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

34. *Long Metre.*

1

O SOURCE of uncreated light!
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2

Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

35. *Common Metre.*

1

YE that obey the immortal king,
Attend his holy place ;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high ;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3

The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace ;
The God who spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

36. *Common Metre.*

1

THUS saith the Lord, “ the spacious fields
“ And flocks and herds are mine ;
“ O'er all the cattle of the hills
“ I claim a right divine.

2

“ I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
“ Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;
“ To hope and love, to pray and praise,
“ Is all that I require.

3

“ Call upon me when trouble's near
“ My hand shall set thee free ;
“ Then shall thy thankful lips declare
“ The honour due to me.

4

“ The man who offers humble praise,
“ He glorifies me best ;
“ And those who tread my holy ways,
“ Shall my salvation taste.”

37. *Long Metre.*

1

O LORD, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3

Here we may prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

38. *Long Metre.*

1

To God who reigns supreme above,
Let us our grateful homage pay ;
With pious joy and fervent love,
O let us hail this sacred day.

2

Accept, O Lord, the prayers that rise
From contrite hearts, though weak, sincere ;
May they as incense mount the skies,
And meet thy kind acceptance there.

3

There, with unceasing hymns of joy,
Thy sovereign goodness we'll adore ;
Where pleasures flow without alloy,
Where sin and sorrow are no more.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

39. *Long Metre.*

1

O LORD, before thine awful throne,
Again our souls in duty bend ;
To thee our wants and woes are known,
To us thy powerful aid extend.

2

O lead us by thy saving grace,
Through life's deceitful thorny way ;
Till we appear before thy face,
In the bright realms of endless day.

40. *Common Metre.*

1

IN GOD's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love .
Your highest praise exceeds.

3

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your maker blest ;
But, when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

41. *Proper Metre.*

1

LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!

To thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2

To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside;

Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

3

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men who pay
Their constant service there!

They praise thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

42. *Common Metre.*

1

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2

Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound ;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3

Great God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And thou illumine my night.

43. *Long Metre.*

1

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign king ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2

The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give ;
We are his work and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

44. *Proper Metre.*

1

AT THE portals of thy house,
Lord, we leave our mortal cares :
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise, and fervent prayers.
Pure and contrite hearts alone
Find acceptance at thy throne.

2

Hapless men whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord !
Teach them Zion's heavenly way ;
To their feet thy light afford :
Let the world united join
In our harmony divine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

45. *Short Metre.*

1

COME to the house of Prayer,
“O thou afflicted,” come ;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.

2

Come to the house of Praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3

Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4

Ye young, before his throne
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
What ! shall your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise ?

5

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
And sees the tear of misery,
And hears the mourner’s call,

6

Up to thy dwelling place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time’s tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

46. *Long Metre.*

1

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2

Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3

Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

47. *Proper Metre.*

1

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires ;
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2

Who may share this great salvation ?
Every pure and humble mind ;
Every kindred, tongue and nation
From the dross of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3

Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws ;
Lord, with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us !
All our hope is from above.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

48. *Long Metre.*

1

LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

3

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

4

No rude alarms of angry foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5

O long expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
With joy we'll tread the appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

49. *Proper Metre.*

1

O PRAISE ye the Lord ; prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his honours in music divine.

2

Let praise to the God who made us, ascend ;
Let each grateful heart exult in its king ;
For God whom we worship our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we bring.

3

Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn ;
For those who obey him are still his delight ;
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

4

Then praise ye the Lord ; prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his honours in music divine.

50. *Proper Metre.*

1

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name ;
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God ;
Ye thunders, speak his power :
Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph walks the eternal king ;
The astonished worlds adore.

3

Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
To join the thunders of the skies ;
Praise him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4

Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing ;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

51. *Common Metre.*

1

O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares controul,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Reviv'st the fainting soul,

2

Did ever thine indulgent ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh
Or supplicate in vain?

3

Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

4

New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentlest, best loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.

5

From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

6

Our griefs confess her vital power,
And bless the friendly ray
Which ushers in the rising morn
Of everlasting day.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

52. *Proper Metre.*

1

GREAT God, the heavens' well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice :
The sun, like a young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God :
All nature joins to show thy praise :
Thus God in every creature shines ;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

53. *Common Metre.*

1

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
Which glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

4

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

54. *Common Metre.*

1

WHEN nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

2

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Before my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

3

Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence those comforts flowed.

4

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen couveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5

Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

6

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

55. *Common Metre.*

1

FROM the dark borders of despair
To thee, my God, I cry ;
O wilt thou pitying hear my prayer,
And every plaintive sigh.

2

Lord, who shall stand before thy face
If thou shouldst mark our faults
With eye severe ? What hope of grace
Could cheer my mournful thoughts ?

3

But sovereign mercy dwells with thee,
Hope dawns amid my fears ;
Divine forgiveness, large and free,
Shall stay my flowing tears.

4

On God alone my soul would wait,
His sacred word my stay ;
His sacred word can light create,
And turn my night to day.

5

As those who wait with longing eyes
To see the cheerful morn,
So shall my ardent wishes rise,
Till thou, my God, return.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

56. *Long Metre.*

1

AWAKE, my soul, awake, my tongue !
My God demands the grateful song ;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord.

2

Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes ;
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3

He fills my longing soul with good,
Substantial bliss, immortal food ;
Youth smiles renewed in active prime,
And triumphs o'er the power of time.

4

In him the poor opprest shall find
A friend almighty, just and kind ;
His gracious acts, his wondrous ways,
By Jesus taught, proclaim his praise.

5

His mercy with unchanging rays
For ever shines, while time decays ;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

E

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

57. *Long Metre.*

1

O SPARE me Lord, nor on my head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed ;
With pitying eye my weakness view,
Heal my vexed soul, my strength renew.

2

And O, if yet my sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.

3

Thy suppliant's voice attentive weigh,
And bid, O bid thy heavenly ray,
With healing influence on me rise,
Ere death's dark slumbers close my eyes.

4

Ev'n while afflictions' weight I bear,
Thy mercy, Lord, dispels my fear ;
My hopes on thy salvation rest,
And fill with conscious joy my breast.

58. *Common Metre.*

1

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

5

There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

7

His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

59. *Common Metre.*

1

HAIL, king supreme ! all wise and good !
To thee our thoughts we raise,
While nature's beauties, wide displayed,
Inspire our souls with praise.

2

At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Thy works engage our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3

Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the rising face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

4

The sunny hill, the dewy lawn,
With thousand beauties shine ;
The silent grove, and awful shade
Proclaim thy power divine.

5

From tree to tree a constant hymn
Employes the feathered throng ;
To thee their cheerful notes they swell,
And chaunt their thankful song.

6

Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

60. *Long Metre.*

1

GREAT source of light ! whose mighty hand
The etherial arch of heaven could bend ;
Firm, midst contending storms we stand,
Thy word our rock, thine arm our friend.

2

There's nought in heaven, or earth, or hell,
But prostrate sinks before thy might ;
These atom worlds instinctive tell
Thy counsels wise, thy judgments right.

3

Weak erring man, dost thou complain ?
Is thine eternal sire forgot ?
Dar'st thou the voice of Heaven arraign,
And doubt the hand which spread thy lot ?

4

When hopeless grief and anxious fears
Bow down the soul with deepest gloom ;
When through the veil of distant years
Scarce gleams a ray to cheer the tomb,

5

To thee the suppliant eye we'll raise ;
Thy balm shall pour its healing stream ;
O'er sorrow's night and doubt's dark maze
Thy love shall shed its brightest beam.

6

Still may the heart's pure incense rise
To thine eternal throne on high ;
Thy hand presents the peerless prize
Which crowns an immortality.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

61. *Common Metre.*

1

WHEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain,
My trembling heart dismay,
My feeble strength, alas, how vain !
It sinks and dies away.

2

My spirit asks a firmer prop,
I lean upon the Lord ;
O God, the pillar of my hope,
Is thine unchanging word.

3

On this are built the brightest joys
Celestial beings know,
And 'tis the same almighty voice
Supports the saints below.

4

'Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,
And heaven's immortal frame ;
Then, O my soul, suppress thy fears,
Thy basis is the same.

5

The sacred word, the solemn oath,
For ever must remain ;
I trust in everlasting truth,
Nor can my trust be vain.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

62. *Long Metre.*

1

Do thou, my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise ;
But O, what tongue can speak his fame !
What mortal verse can reach the theme !

2

Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3

To God all nature owes its birth ;
He formed this ponderous globe of earth,
He raised the glorious arch on high,
And measured out the azure sky.

4

In all our maker's vast designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

5

Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds applaud the song.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

63. *Common Metre.*

1

THEE we adore, eternal name !
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we.

2

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath which first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we stay,
We're travelling to the grave.

4

Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road ;
And, if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

64. *Long Metre.*

1

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Thy mercy crowns it till it close.

2

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4

In scenes exalted, or deprest,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
A loftier strain shall speak our trust
In thee, Eternal, Wise, and Just !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

65. *Common Metre.*

1

ALMIGHTY father! thou whose power
Thy grateful children own,
Who midst the highest heavens hast fixed
Thine everlasting throne!

2

For ever hallowed be thy name,
All holy, good and wise ;
And may thy blessed kingdom, like
A brighter morn, arise.

3

On earth, thy will, O Lord, be done
By us who own thy love ;
As by the angels round thy throne,
'Tis done in heaven above.

4

Supply O Lord our daily wants,
That we to thee may live ;
And O ! forgive our trespasses,
As others we forgive.

5

Nor by too strong temptations try
Our hearts, too prone to stray ;
But from the dangerous paths of sin,
O turn our feet away.

6

For thine is all dominion, thine
The kingdom and the power ;
Thy glory shall remain, O God,
For ever, evermore.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

66. *Long Metre.*

1

My God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

5

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

67. *Common Metre.*

1

HAPPY the man whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies ;
He looks on all the joys of time,
With undesiring eyes.

2

In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain ;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear, in vain.

3

He knows that all these glittering things
Must yield to sure decay ;
And sees, on time's extended wings,
How swift they fleet away.

4

To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his views ; his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.

5

His hopes, still fixed on joys to come,
(Those blissful scenes on high,)
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

68. *Common Metre.*

1

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My father and my God !

I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2

In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear ;

Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.

3

In all these mercies, may my soul
A father's bounty see !

Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows,
Estrange my heart from thee.

4

Teach me, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, my God ;

And in submissive silence bear
The lessons of thy rod.

5

In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,

Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

6

Then shall I close mine eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear ;

For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

69. *Common Metre.*

1

BEHOLD, where breathing love divine,
Our dying master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2

From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well :

3

“ Blest is the man, whose softening heart
“ Feels all another's pain ;
“ To whom the supplicating eye
“ Was never raised in vain ;

4

“ Whose breast expands with generous warmth
“ A stranger's woes to feel ;
“ And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
“ He wants the power to heal.

5

“ He spreads his kind supporting arms
“ To every child of grief ;
“ His secret bounty largely flows,
“ And brings unasked relief.

6

“ To gentle offices of love
“ His feet are never slow ;
“ He views, through mercy's melting eye,
“ A brother in a foe.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

7

“ Peace from the bosom of his God,
“ My peace to him I give ;
“ And when he kneels before the throne,
“ His trembling soul shall live.

8

“ To him protection shall be shown ;
“ And mercy from above
“ Descend on those who thus fulfil
“ The perfect law of love.”

70. *Long Metre.*

1

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

3

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

71. *Common Metre.*

1

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be wrong :
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

4

But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who formed us first ;
Salvation to the almighty name
That reared us from the dust !

5

While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our maker we'll adore ;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would heave no more.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

72. *Long Metre.*

1

FATHER of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2

Fountain of good! from thee proceeds,
In copious drops the genial rain,
Which through the hills, and through the meads,
Revives the grass, and swells the grain.

3

Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet numbers of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law and slight thy grace.

4

Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in richer drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God, adored in all.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

73. *Common Metre.*

1

ON GOD supreme our hope depends,
Whose omnipresent sight
Ev'n to the pathless realms extends
Of uncreated night.

2

Plunged in the abyss of deep distress,
To him we raised our cry ;
His mercy bade our sorrows cease,
And filled our tongue with joy.

3

Though earth her ancient seat forsake,
By pangs convulsive torn,
Though her self-balanced fabric shake,
And ruined nature mourn ;

4

Though hills be in the ocean lost,
With all their trembling load,
No fear shall e'er disturb the just,
Or shake his trust in God.

5

Nations remote and realms unknown
In vain resist his sway ;
For lo ! Jehovah's voice is shown,
All earth shall melt away.

6

Let war's devouring surges rise,
And swell on every side ;
The Lord of hosts our safeguard is,
And Jacob's God our guide.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

74. *Proper Metre.*

1

O SING to the Lord a new song,
Let the universe join in the strain,
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.
Let gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends ;
How great is the God we adore !
How rich are the blessings he sends !

2

In the beauty of holiness bow ;
O worship with fear and with love ;
How solemn his temples below !
How glorious his presence above !
Proclaim to the nations around,
That our God, the omnipotent, reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
Whose purpose unaltered remains.

3

O let the wide heavens rejoice,
The earth with her myriads be glad,
While ocean shall join his loud voice,
And the woods in rich verdure be clad :
Rejoice ! for the Lord is at hand ;
Prepare ! for his judgment is nigh :
Before him all nations shall stand ;
No guilt from his justice can fly.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

75. *Common Metre.*

1

GREAT God, how excellent art thou!
What worthless beings we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

4

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5

Great God, how excellent art thou!
What worthless beings we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

76. *Common Metre.*

1

BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain,
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

2

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.

3

Take the glad burthen of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

4

Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault
To every bounding strain.

5

Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony :

6

Whilst we, with sacred rapture fired,
The great Creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal king.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

77. *Common Metre.*

1

JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2

If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4

From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5

In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our friend !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

78. *Common Metre.*

1

Look round, O man, survey this globe;
 Speak of creating power;
See, nature gives a different robe
 To every herb and flower.

2

See various beings fill the air,
 And people earth and sea;
What grateful changes form the year!
 How constant night and day!

3

Next raise thine eye; the expanse above,
 A power unbounded shows;
See, round the sun the planets move,
 And various worlds compose.

4

Then turn into thyself, O man,
 With wonder view thy soul;
Confess his power who laid each plan,
 And still directs the whole.

5

And let obedience to his laws
 Thy gratitude proclaim,
To him, the first almighty cause;
 Jehovah is his name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

79. *Common Metre.*

1

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

3

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

80. *Common Metre.*

1

God is a spirit, just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind :
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Nothing but truth, before his throne,
With safety can appear ;
The formal hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4

Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

81. *Proper Metre.*

1

O thou, whose pow'r o'er moving worlds presides !
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides !
On darkling man, in pure effulgence, shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine !

2

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest ;
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend ;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

82. *Common Metre.*

1

To THEE, my God, my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my wants forgot.

2

Each secret wish devotion breathes
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3

The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve,
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4

Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays,
And dark affliction's midnight gloom,
A present God surveys.

5

Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die ;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

6

Stript of its little earthly all,
My soul in smiles shall go ;
And in a heavenly heritage
Its father's bounty know.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

83. *Proper Metre.*

1

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :

“ O my people! faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,

Fair abodes I build for you :
Themes of heartfelt tribulation

Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2

“ There, like streams that feed the garden,

Pleasures without end shall flow ;

For the Lord, your faith rewarding,

All his bounty shall bestow :

Still in undisturbed possession,

Peace and righteousness shall reign ;

Never shall you feel oppression,

Hear the voice of war again.

3

“ Ye no more, your suns descending,

Waning moons no more shall see ;

But your griefs, for ever ending,

Find eternal noon in me :

God shall rise, and shining o'er you,

Change to day the gloom of night ;

He, the Lord, shall be your glory,

God, your everlasting light.”

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

84. *Common Metre.*

1

GREAT God ! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks shall raise ;
Inspire our hearts to tune the songs
Which celebrate thy praise.

2

From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital powers :
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.

3

Thy power, our ever present guard,
From every ill defends ;
While numerous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee descends.

4

Beneath the shadow of thy wings
How sweet is our repose !
The morning light renews the springs
From which our comfort flows.

5

In celebration of thy praise
May we employ our breath !
And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
We'll triumph over death.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

85. *Long Metre.*

1

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

86. *Proper Metre.*

1

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven :

Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

2

Favoured mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong ;
Hearts, o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise :

Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

3

Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmost bound ;
Where the godhead shines confess,
There be solemn praise address :

Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

4

Mark the wonders of his hand !
Power, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream :

Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5

Awful being ! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down ;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease :

Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

87. *Common Metre.*

1

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word,
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2

Here, springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3

Here, the redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4

O may these heavenly pages be
My ever fresh delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

88. *Long Metre.*

1

WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,
O why should mortal man be proud ?

2

His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3

By doubt perplext, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way :
How vain, of wisdom's gifts the boast !
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray !

4

Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas ! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !

5

God of my life ! father divine !
Give me a meek and lowly mind ;
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace, in humble virtue find.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

89. *Common Metre.*

1

WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies,
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long deluded eyes.

2

Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal sceptre shows ;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

3

The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust ;
Nature shall faint ; but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.

4

The man, whose pious heart is fixt
On his all-gracious God,
From every frown may draw a joy,
And kiss the chastening rod.

5

Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On heaven his soul relies ;
With joy he views his maker's love,
And with composure dies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

90. *Proper Metre.*

1

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And peace begins at home.

2

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence hath sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
And, if our store of wealth be small,
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

3

We'll be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given ;
This is the wise, the virtuous part ;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

4

Thus crowned with peace, thro' life we'll go,
Its chequered paths of joy and woe,
With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

91. *Long Metre.*

1

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2

Thou givest with a father's care,
How'er unjustly we complain,
To all their well appointed share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3

All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

4

Be this our care ; to all beside
Indifferent let our wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixt our souls, O God, on thee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

92. *Common Metre.*

1

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
How each fond heart complains;
And all the tender passions mourn
Around their cold remains.

2

But down to earth, alas ! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes ;
Ah ! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upward learn to rise.

3

Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray,
And guides us from the darksome tomb
To realms of endless day.

4

To those bright courts when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow ;
Hope views our absent happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.

5

Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies ;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

93. *Short Metre.*

1

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2

Sing how eternal love
Its well-beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.

3

Pardon and peace from heaven
Jesus proclaims abroad,
And brings to erring guilty man
Sure mercy from his God.

4

Now sinners dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

5

Lord, we obey the call ;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast sent,
And love and praise thy name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

94. *Proper Metre.*

1

LIFT your voice, and joyful sing
Praise to your eternal king;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

2

Through the various realms of earth
Praise him, all of human birth;
Honour pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record.

3

He, whose wisdom throned on high
Built the mansions of the sky,
And the orbs that gild the pole
Bade through boundless ether roll:

4

He, who o'er this earthly ball
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing that lives
Rich supplies of blessings gives:

5

To the great eternal king
Raise your voice, and joyful sing;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

95. *Common Metre.*

1

TIME, what an empty vapour 'tis !
And days how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2

Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

3

Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share ;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou crown'st the rolling year.

4

Thy goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord !
Thy mercy never knows a bound ;
And be thy name adored !

5

Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time with nature dies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

96. *Long Metre.*

1

God of eternity, from thee
Did infant time its being draw ;
Moments and days and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2

Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3

The thoughtless tribes of mortal men,
Before the rapid stream, are borne
On to that everlasting home,
The country whence there's no return.

4

Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy flattering show,
They gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor heed the world to which they go.

5

Great source of wisdom, teach our hearts
To know the worth of every hour ;
That time may bear us on to joys,
Beyond its measure, and its power.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

97. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD of the world's majestic frame!

Stupendous are thy ways ;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.

2

The heavens thy matchless skill display,
With all the stars of light ;
The splendid sun that rules by day,
The silver moon by night.

3

And while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite,
To praise thee as they roll,

4

O shall not we, of human race,
The glorious concert join ?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine ?

5

Not all the feeble notes of time
Can show forth God's high praise ;
Nor all the noblest strains sublime
That earth or heaven can raise.

6

Yet this shall be our best employ
Through life's uncertain days ;
And in the realms of boundless joy,
Eternal be thy praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

98. *Long Metre.*

1

HE THAT hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2

He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while nature sleeps.

3

Then will we say, “ O God, thy power
Shall be our fortress and our tower ;
We, who are formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm our trust.”

99. *Common Metre.*

1

FORSAKE, my soul, the tents of sin ;
How false her joys appear !
Noise and confusion dwell within ;
Peace is a stranger there.

2

The men who keep the laws of God,
His choicest blessings share ;
Or, if he lifts his chastening rod,
’Tis with a father’s care.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

His mighty power shall guard the just,
His wisdom point their way ;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust,
His hand revive their clay.

4

Begin, ye saints, the joyful task,
His praise employ your tongue,
And soon eternity will ask
A more exalted song.

100. *Common Metre.*

1

THE LORD descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2

On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3

He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and king,
For evermore shall reign.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

101. *Long Metre.*

1

THE earth and all the heavenly frame,
Their great creator's praise proclaim :
He gives the sun his quickening power,
And sheds the soft refreshing shower.

2

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from his bounteous hand,
Receive the gifts of every land.

3

Nor to the human race alone,
Is his paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy his universal care.

4

Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death :
He hears the ravens when they call ;
The father and the friend of all.

102. *Common Metre.*

1

SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3

Thou still art merciful and kind ;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal ;
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4

Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast ;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

103. *Proper Metre.*

1

THE mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm and fire and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine,
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains,
That fill this chequered scene.

2

His piercing eye at once surveys,
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls ;
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human misery calls.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Eternal God ! who shall not fear,
And trust and love, with soul sincere,
Thine awful glorious name !
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days,
Nor limit for thy fame.

104. *Common Metre.*

1

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

105. *Long Metre.*

1

IN SLEEP'S serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,
Again behold the morning light.

2

New born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be :
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God ! to thee.

3

O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5

That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes :
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

106. *Long Metre.*

1

NOT he whose baseless hope relies
On modes and forms that men devise ;
Who merely calls the saviour, Lord,
But heeds not to perform his word ;

2

Not he shall tread the courts above,
The bright abodes of joy and love :
But he whose prompt obedience shows
His wish to practise what he knows ;

3

Whose heart enlarged bids him embrace,
As brethren, all the human race ;
Who for his friends with ardour glows,
And pities and forgives his foes.

4

This is the man whose head shall rise,
With glory crowned, above the skies ;
Whom Jesus shall in judgment own,
And place by God's immortal throne.

107. *Proper Metre.*

1

PRAISE to thee, thou great creator !
Praise be thine from every tongue ;
Join my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine :
Hail, the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

3

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4

Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

108. *Proper Metre.*

1

ALMIGHTY God ! in prayer to thee
We bow the head and bend the knee,
With humble soul and heart resigned :
To thee with trembling lips we raise
The holy sacrifice of praise,
O friend and father of mankind.

2

By thee informed, this mortal frame
To being from oblivion came,
Thy love and goodness to survey ;
To view the glittering vault of night,
To hail the sweet return of light,
And all creation's blooming day.

I

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

In life's young morn, thou didst impart
The rivers to my beating heart,
And taught the streaming pulse to flow ;
Amid sensation's changeful tide
Thou bad'st the trembling soul abide,
Alive to rapture or to woe.

4

And still unquenched, at thy behest
The flame of being warms my breast,
But fleeting life must soon be o'er ;
Soon will thy hands again require
This transient spark of heavenly fire,
And this frail heart shall heave no more.

5

But thou, O spirit, prompt to save,
Wilt brood upon the shrouded grave,
While wrapt in earth her offspring sleeps ;
As o'er her infant's midnight bed,
With bosomed breath and silent tread,
Her secret watch the mother keeps.

6

O Thou, that dwell'st enthroned on high,
O God of heaven, we shall not die,
Omnipotent; all-wise, and just !
Death shall resign his iron sway,
And love, that beams eternal day,
Shall warm our ashes in the dust.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

109. *Common Metre.*

1

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2

There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With clear unclouded eyes ;

6

Could we but stand as Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

110. *Proper Metre.*

1

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign king of kings,
And be his grace adored :

His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2

How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone :

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3

His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light ;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night :

His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly king ;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glory sing :

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

111. *Short Metre.*

1

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2

When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3

Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
But oft he made his vengeance known
When they abused his grace.

4

Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

112. *Common Metre.*

1

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine :
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2

Did we not raise our hearts to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3

With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

113. *Short Metre.*

1

LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3

Envy and strife be gone ;
And only kindness known
Where all one common father have,
One common master own.

4

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

114. *Common Metre.*

1

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2

Should foes against my peace engage,
And cruel darts be hurled :
Then I could smile at all their rage,
And face a frowning world.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

115. *Common Metre.*

1

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2

They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

116. *Short Metre.*

1

MY SOUL, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

4

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find,
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

117. *Common Metre.*

1

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3

'Tis God's all-animating voice
Which calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :

4

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5

My soul, with sacred ardour fired,
The glorious prize pursue ;
And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

118. *Proper Metre.*

1.

SOFT are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale :
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden every vale.

2

But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven ;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptured soul she tells
Of peace and promised heaven.

3

Fair are the flowers that deck the ground ;
And groves and gardens blooming round
Unnumbered charms unfold :
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.

4

But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness drest,
Where heaven's own graces shine ;
And brighter far the prospects rise
That burst on faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

119. *Common Metre.*

1

How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust?

2

Lo! I behold the scattering shades ;
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The bright immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3

I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room ;
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4

I hear the voice, " Ye dead arise ;"
And lo ! the dead obey ?
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.

5

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning king
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

120. *Proper Metre.*

1

FRIENDLESS, naked, woe-worn son,
Wretch, of every joy bereft,
Thou, who pity's eye ne'er won,
Thou, whom peaceful days have left ;

2

Cold and hunger's pallid crew,
Gloomy dungeon's captives wan,
Ye, whose troubled spirits view
Nought to cheer the life of man ;

3

See where stands the undaunted chief,
Mark the love his lips impart ;
Jesus offers sure relief,
Joy for all of heavy heart :

4

“ Weary laden pilgrim, come ;
Sinner, mourn thy follies past ;
Stranger, seek with me a home ;
Mine are joys that ever last :

5

“ In the dungeon's deepest gloom,
Balm shall flow for those who weep ;
Sweetest peace shall bless the tomb
Where oppression's victims sleep :

6

“ Hear, ye sad, on every side,
Cease to heave the bitter sigh,
Sure in God ye may abide ;
Help from him is ever nigh.”

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

121. *Common Metre.*

1

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2

Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3

Seasons and times, and months and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4

Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

122. *Proper Metre.*

1

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2

Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :

3

Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store :
Teach us, O thou heavenly king,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

123. *Common Metre.*

1

FATHER of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
The universal Lord !

2

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

3

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

4

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom hath denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

5

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

6

This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise.

124. *Common Metre.*

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
 My ears, attend the cry :
 " Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.

" Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers ;
 The proud, the wise, the reverend head,
 Must lie as low as ours."

Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we yet secure?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?

Then let us every hour employ,
 With wisdom and delight ;
 Till hope shall terminate in joy,
 And faith be lost in sight.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

125. *Long Metre.*

1

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2

The unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;

6

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

126. *Common Metre.*

1

WHILE thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed :
That mercy I adore.

3

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5

When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :
That heart will rest on thee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

127. *Long Metre.*

1

MARK, when tempestuous winds arise,
The wild confusion and uproar,
All ocean mixing with the skies,
And wrecks are dashed upon the shore.

2

Not less confusion racks the mind,
When, by the whirl of passion tost,
Calm reason is to rage resigned,
And peace in angry tumult lost.

3

Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

4

No friendships broke their bosoms sting,
No jars their peaceful tent invade ;
Safe underneath the Almighty's wing,
And, foes to none, of none afraid.

5

Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
With thy whole self our souls possess ;
Passion and pride be hence exiled,
Then shall our frame thine own express.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

128. *Common Metre.*

1

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2

Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore ;
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

3

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

129. *Proper Metre.*

1

PRAISE to God, the great creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy ;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy :
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2

Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here, his wrath no thunder rolls :
Lo ! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of his love ;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3

Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within :
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

130. *Long Metre.*

1

THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request :
Ye who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in memory of your friend.

2

Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song ;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.

3

And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep ;
The great deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives ev'n of death ?

4

Shall be, who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthanked, uncelebrated rise,
Pass unremembered to the skies ?

5

Christians, unite with loud acclaim,
To hymn the saviour's welcome name ;
Extol the father's wondrous love ;
Till called to sing his praise above.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

131. *Common Metre.*

1

PERPETUAL source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name :
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

2

On us, unworthy as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours,
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3

In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.

4

Armed with thine energy divine
Our souls shall steadfast move,
And with increasing transport press
On to thy courts above.

5

So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

132. *Short Metre.*

1

WHY do I thus perplex
My life, a breath of air,
With fears of distant ills, and vex
My heart with fruitless care?

2

Can thought and toil increase
My days appointed sum?
Why waste I then my time, my peace,
To hoard for years to come?

3

The tribes that wing the sky,
That neither sow nor reap,
Send up to God their daily cry,
Who gives them food and sleep.

4

Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay;
The trouble which to day prepares,
Suffices for to day.

5

To nobler work applied
My soul shall upward climb;
And trust my father to provide
The needful things of time.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

133. *Proper Metre.*

1

HAIL, love divine ! joys ever new,
While thy kind dictates we pursue,
Our souls delighted share ;
Too high for sordid minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

2

By thee inspired, the generous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

3

O God ! with sympathetic care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou our hearts incline ;
Each low, each selfish wish controul,
Warm with benevolence the soul,
And make us wholly thine.

134. *Long Metre.*

1

As THE good shepherd gently leads
His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the flowery landscapes flow ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps controul ;
When lost in sins perplexing maze,
He brings me back to virtue's ways.

3

Though I should journey through the plains
Where death in all its horror reigns ;
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, O Lord, art with me there.

4

By thee with peace and plenty blest,
My life is one continued feast ;
Thine ever-watchful providence
Is my support and my defence.

5

O bounteous God ! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise ;
And in thy house thy sacred name
And wondrous grace shall be my theme.

135. *Short Metre.*

1

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads a curious eye ;
Thy doctrines, Lord, the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Lord, to thy word we bring
A meek inquiring mind ;
And, joyful, at salvation's spring
Refreshing truth we find.

3

With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4

O Lord our spirit lead,
With soundest knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

136. *Proper Metre.*

1

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :

2

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

4

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

5

These to thee, O God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit :

7

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall :

8

Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

9

Still to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

137. *Common Metre.*

1

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2

On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day ;
Welcome each closing year.

3

Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4

Ye wheels of nature speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

138. *Proper Metre.*

1

ANGEL, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

2

Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong;
Shout, the son of God this morn
From his sepulchre new born!

3

Hail, victorious Jesus, hail!
On thy cloud of glory sail
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4

Powers of heaven, seraphic fires,
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres;
Sons of men, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

5

Every note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

139. *Long Metre.*

1

ETERNAL source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3

The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalsms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
O'er all the earth abundant stores ;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5

Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise :
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

6

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

140. *Proper Metre.*

1

LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalms of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2

The heathens know thy glory Lord ;
The wondering nations read thy word ;
In Britain is Jehovah known :
Our worship shall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal hands have made ;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3

He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there :
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties how divinely bright ;
His temple how divinely fair !

4

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name ;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

141. *Short Metre.*

1

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favours are divine.

2

O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3

Tis he forgives my sins ;
'Tis he relieves my pain ;
'Tis he who heals my sicknesses,
And makes me young again.

4

He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord bath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the opprest.

5

His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved son.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

142. *Common Metre.*

1

My soul shall bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2

In every smiling happy hour
Be this my sweet employ ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

2

When gloomy care and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

3

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life with all its active powers
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5

And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
Then shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6

Then shall her powers in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay ;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

143. *Proper Metre.*

1

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2

Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3

Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :

4

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

5

Sinner, come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

144. *Common Metre.*

1

KEEP silence all created things,
And wait your maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3

Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
Whate'er through endless years should rise
Stood present to his thought.

4

His mighty voice bids ancient night
Her endless realms resign ;
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine !

5

His wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame ;
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep reverence to his name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

145. *Proper Metre.*

1

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2

Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent :

3

Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain :

4

These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5

God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

146. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD, thou art good ; all nature shows
Its mighty maker kind ;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2

The whole and every part proclaims
Unlimited good-will ;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And blooms on every hill.

3

It spreads through all the spreading main,
And through the heavens more wide ;
It drops in every shower of rain,
And rolls on every tide.

4

Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part :
Lord, let such love attract mine eyes,
And captivate my heart.

5

High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move ;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

147. *Long Metre.*

1

COME, let us bless the bounteous God,
Who from the heavens, his high abode,
Prepares for man life's varied treat,
The charm that makes existence sweet :

2

For the consummate skill displayed
When in his image man was made ;
For powers of high, exalted name ;
For reason's intellectual flame :

3

For strong affection's mystic bands,
And duty's sacred, high commands ;
For science, liberty, and law,
And the blest fruits which thence we draw :

4

For the gay innocence of youth,
And manhood's firm undaunted truth ;
For judgment in maturer years,
And age withdrawn from earthly cares.

5

What praise should warm the fervent soul
For pure religion's grave control !
For all its comforts, hopes and joys,
Which cheer our passage to the skies !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

148. *Common Metre.*

1
THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race ;
Before the ample elements
Filled up the voids of space.

2
Before the ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed :

3
Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appeared ;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were reared :

4
Ere men adored, or angels knew,
Or praised thy wondrous name ;
Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life !
And glory were the same.

5
And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck,

6
For ever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchanged, in everlasting years,
Shall thine existence be.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

149. *Proper Metre.*

1

LIGHT of the world, immortal mind !
Father of all the human kind,
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on nature's ample breast,
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise !
To thee my humble voice I raise,
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

2

Though thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave ;
Yet 'twas thy goodness still to give
A being that can think and live ;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its towering mind to thee.
To thee my humble voice I raise,
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

3

O may I still thy favour prove !
Still grant me gratitude and love ;
Let truth and virtue guide my heart,
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart ;
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee.
To thee my humble voice I raise,
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

150. *Common Metre.*

1

IN ALL my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2

Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3

My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4

O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee ;
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

151. *Proper Metre.*

1

THE SOUL of the world all its homage may
claim,

Unrivalled, alone, first and last is his name :
The fountain of life, let all living implore ;
Creation's creator, creation adore.

2

The God of all love formed life to be blest,
The God of all power conducts all to rest ;
Through worlds and through ages, both here
and to come,
All being refines till it reaches its home.

3

When suns are all sunk, worlds on worlds are
decayed,
And spheres yet unformed their circuits have
made,
To crown all the works of th' omnipotent's hand,
All rational nature accepted shall stand.

4

With powers yet untried, with affections refined,
With raptures and joys yet unknown to man-
kind,
One vast hallelujah of worship and praise,
To the source of all being, all being shall raise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

152. *Common Metre.*

1

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sighs,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrows weeping eyes ;

2

See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, " return ? "

3

And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this sure refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4

Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

5

O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine,
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

153. *Proper Metre.*

1

GREAT source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health and friends and food,
And peace and calm content :
Like fragrant incense, to the skies
Let songs of grateful praises rise
For all thy blessings lent.

2

Through all the dangers of the day
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide ;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

3

Thy smiles with a reviving light
Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;
Thy watchful love around our bed
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.

4

To thee our lives, our all we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above ;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5

Thus, gracious Father, thee we praise ;
And while our feeble songs we raise
 To bless thee and adore,
Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
And teach each humble, grateful heart
 To bless and love thee more.

154. *Long Metre.*

1

ETERNAL God ! almighty cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown ;
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.

2

Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest ;
Controuled by none are thy commands ;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3

To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
To thee alone our homage pay ;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4

Lord, spread thy name through heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

155. *Common Metre.*

1

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds,
How short the months appear !

2

So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

3

Yet, like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year,
And study ever to increase
The speed of its career.

4

Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

156. *Long Metre.*

1

O THOU, through all thy works adored,
Great power supreme, almighty Lord!
Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey!

2

To thee, Most High, to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song;
To thee will we attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

3

Planets, those wandering worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their maker shine.

4

From thee proceed heaven's varied store,
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the coloured bow,
The moulded hail, the feathered snow.

5

Tempests obey thy mighty will;
Thine awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.

6

Yet pleased to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters with a parent's care
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

PSALMS, AND HYMNS.

157. *Common Metre.*

1

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Shoots through the darkest night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh
With heart-discerning sight.

2

There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray
And every evening's shade.

3

O may thine own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my redeemer's name !

4

So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

158. *Common Metre.*

1

HAPPY is he whose early years
Receive instruction well ;
Who bates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Our youth devoted to the Lord
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
But sinners who grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.

4

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will sustain our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

159. *Long Metre.*

1

Moons, planets, suns, that swim the sky,
Shine to the praise of God most high ;
Their lasting lustre he has given
To all the moving hosts of heaven.

2

Yet even stars shall cease to burn,
And to primeval night return ;
Systems of worlds themselves decay,
To him the insects of a day.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

But he remains ; and he shall give
The extinguished elements to live ;
Bid them in new creation roll,
And still extend the peopled whole.

160. *Common Metre.*

1

BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2

Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practise thy commands ;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3

Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4

Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

161. *Proper Metre.*

1

JEHOVAH reigns! let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear:
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the creator.

2

This goodly world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass away,
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

3

But fixed, O God, for ever stands thy throne!
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone!
The eternal fire that feeds each vital flaine,
Collected, or diffused, is still the same:
He dwells within his own unfathomed essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

4

But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise:
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul:
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

162. *Common Metre.*

1

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;
How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming dies.

2

The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3

But wait the interposing gloom,
And, lo, stern winter flies ;
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.

4

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5

Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears ;
Religion points on high :
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

163. *Long Metre.*

1

CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind ?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?

2

'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell ;
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon :
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

4

He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm ;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

5

These are a portion of his ways :
But who shall dare describe his face ?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

164. *Common Metre.*

1

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2

When from the dead he raised his son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
Of immortality.

3

What though his uncontrouled decree
Command us back to dust?
Yet, as the Lord our saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4

There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5

Saints by the power of God are kept
Till this salvation come ;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

165. *Common Metre.*

1

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light:
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

6

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

166. *Long Metre.*

1

Go, suffering habitant of earth !
Go, conscious of thy heavenly birth,
And midst the storms that round thee rise
Retrace thy journey to the skies.

2

What though the wild winds rage around,
Thou wilt not tremble at the sound ;
What though the waters o'er thee roll,
They touch not thine immortal soul.

3

See, where arrayed on either hand,
The direful train of passions stand ;
See hatred, envy bar thy way,
And foes more dangerous still than they.

4

But robed in innocence and truth,
Thou from temptation guard thy youth !
And from thy vestments sacred bound
Shake the dread fiends that cling around.

5

Against thee though they all conspire
With taunt, and threat, and flood, and fire,
Thou all their empty rage disdain,
That raves, and burns, and rolls, in vain.

6

Go, with pure heart and steadfast eyes,
Till on thee that bright morn shall rise
That gives thee to thy blest abode,
To rest for ever with thy God.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

167. *Common Metre.*

1

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3

Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
He laboured for their good.

4

To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued ;
While humble prayer and holy faith
His fainting strength renewed.

5

In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
“ Thy will, not mine, be done.”

6

Be Christ our pattern and our guide !
His image may we bear :
O may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

168. *Common Metre.*

1

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true.

2

His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3

His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread,
And by the spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4

He bade the swelling waters flow
To their appointed deep,
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With awe before him stand :
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6

He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain desigus ;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

169. *Short Metre.*

1

As various as the moon
Is man's estate below ;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.

2

The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief ;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.

3

Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given ;
His dark and shining hours advance
By the fixed laws of heaven.

4

God measures unto all
Their lot of good and ill ;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordained by wisest will.

5

Let man conform his mind
To every changing state ;
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
And the great issue wait.

6

Hopeful and humble bear
Thine evil and thy good ;
Nor by presumption, nor despair,
Weak mortal, be subdued.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

170. *Proper Metre.*

1

O COME, all ye sons of Adam, and raise
A song unto God : how lovely his praise !
Adore him who reigns in his glory above,
And fills the wide earth with his tokens of love

2

His breath is your life ; your reason, a ray
Effused from his light to guide all your way ;
He heals your diseases, your wants he supplies,
And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.

3

Dash down your false Gods of silver and stone,
Jehovah is God, him worship alone ;
His prophet, his son, his salvation receive ;
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and live.

4

O Father of men, in mercy command
Thy gospel to shine throughout every land ;
That, far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,
Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great name.

171. *Common Metre.*

1

IN THE soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
The summons to the tomb ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Remember thy creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3

His service is its own reward,
With peace and pleasure crowned ;
The honey wears no sting, no thorns
Are in the roses found.

4

He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art lauded on the shores
Of blest eternity.

172. *Common Metre.*

1

JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight ;
It scatters round a cheerful beam
To gild the darkest night.

2

What though our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like withering flowers ;
Nor time nor death can break that band
Which makes Jehovah ours.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust :
Well may I trust my all with him
With whom my soul I trust.

173. *Long Metre.*

1

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, who o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2

How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall nor change nor period see ;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still the noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they, who in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

174. *Common Metre.*

1

To HEAVEN I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid :
The Lord who built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2

Their feet shall never slide or fall
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.

3

He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4

Israel rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5

He guides thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come :
Go and return secure from death,
Till God command thee home.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

175. *Proper Metre.*

1

SONS of Adam, join to raise
Songs of gratitude and praise ;
Emulate the choirs above,
Celebrate eternal love.

2

Speak your pleasures, happy race !
Objects of your father's grace !
All the family of earth,
Glory in your heavenly birth.

3

Raptured, all the sons of light
Hailed the moment, mercy bright,
When in beauty rose this globe,
Teeming life its gorgeous robe.

4

More the joy, the rapture higher,
Joy and rapture love inspire,
When to Jesus, lord from heaven,
Thus the glorious charge was given :

5

“ Go proclaim Jehovah's grace ;
Fear destroy, and guilt efface ;
Conquer death, unbar the grave ;
Lo ! thy work, the world to save.”

6

But the joy, the ecstasy !
Language here and praises die,
When from myriads' happy tongues
Warble thus immortal songs :

“ Where, O sin, thy deadly sting ?
 Where thy power, terrific king ?
 Christ triumphant ! man restored !
 God in all, by all adored ! ”

176. *Proper Metre.*

O GOD, to thee, who first hast given
 To mortal frame the spark of heaven,
 I consecrate my powers ;
 Thine is its hoped eternity,
 And thine its little life shall be
 Through years and days and hours.

Here, at thy shrine I bow, resigned
 Each struggling passion of my mind,
 With all its hopes and fears ;
 To bend each thought to thy controul
 Is the sole wish that fires my soul
 Through all my future years.

For O, when earthly cares are o'er,
 The worn heart feels there is no more
 Of bliss beneath the skies ;
 There is no other certain trust
 Which blends the merciful and just,
 Omnipotent and wise !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

177. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD, I have made thy word my choice
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3

I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.

4

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

5

The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

178. *Long Metre.*

1

FROM vocal air and concave skies
Let wafted hallelujahs sound ;
And let the sacred triumphs rise
Till vaulted heaven the notes rebound.

2

Thou solar orb, whose ruddy beam
Compels the shades of night to yield ;
Thou silver moon, whose fainter gleam
Scarce trembles o'er yon azure field :

3

Ye stars, who circle round the pole,
Illumined with distinguished rays ;
Instruct your vocal spheres to roll
Symphonious to your maker's praise.

4

His name with pious praises sing,
Who kindled first the beamy light ;
Who first commanded you to spring
Forth from the cells of ancient night.

5

Ye active youth in manly prime,
Ye virgins decked with blooming grace,
Ye elders pressed by creeping time,
And you the infant tender race,

6

Your voices raise with mixed acclaim
To praise the universal Lord ;
The sole, august, majestic name,
O'er earth and distant heaven adored.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

179. *Common Metre.*

1

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

180. *Short Metre.*

1

LIFE is a chequered road,
Where mingle thorns and flowers ;
Fair smiles the morn, in beauty drest,
But ah ! the evening lowers.

2

Smooth ebbs the slumbering wave,
We tempt the briny way ;
But darkening skies and rising winds
Our sinking hearts dismay.

3

“ O ye of little faith,”
Why droop your hearts with fear ?
Though thousand dangers press around,
Your father’s arm is near.

4

To try your wavering souls
Temptation spreads its toils ;
But wisdom nor defies its power,
Nor trusts its treacherous smiles.

5

She puts her armour on,
Her heavenly-tempered shield,
Her breast-plate of celestial mould ;
But asks no sword to wield.

6

Faith is her watch-word still,
Her bulwark innocence ;
Salvation on her banner flames,
And heaven’s her recompence.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

181. *Common Metre.*

1

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue
To spread his name abroad.

2

How great the works his hand hath wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3

How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
Which his first thoughts designed.

4

Nature and time, and earth and skies
His heavenly skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise
But learn to read his name ?

5

To fear his power, to trust his grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys his will.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

182. *Common Metre.*

1

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God !
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2

The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4

But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminished rays.

5

Thy servants' children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God ;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

P

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

183. *Proper Metre.*

1

YE TRIBES of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

2

Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.

His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4

He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.

In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

184. *Short Metre.*

1

WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2

O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3

Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4

Thou givest me the lot
Of those who fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

185. *Common Metre.*

1

As TWILIGHT's gradual veil is spread
Across the evening sky,
So man's bright hours decline in shade,
And mortal comforts die.

2

Fair summer's bloom and autumn's glow
In vain dark winter brave ;
Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom, know
A ransom from the grave.

3

But morning dawns, and spring revives,
And genial hours return :
So man's immortal soul survives,
And scorns the mouldering urn.

4

When this vain scene no longer charms,
Or swiftly fades away,
He sinks into a Father's arms,
Nor dreads the coming day.

5

That day shall God's own promise bring
To those who trust his word ;
While saints in endless triumph sing
The honours of their Lord.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

186. *Common Metre.*

1
FATHER in heaven! thy sacred name
In hallowed strains be sung;
Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth;
Thy praise fill every tongue.

2
By happy spirits round thy throne,
As thy commands are done;
So be thy perfect will obeyed
By all beneath the sun.

3
Our numerous wants are known to thee,
Who canst alone supply;
O grant each day our daily bread,
Nor other good deny.

4
Forgive our sins, as we forgive
The wrongs that others do;
Nor let temptations press around,
Lest we those sins renew.

5
Thou art our safety and defence
When dangers threatening stand;
O turn aside impending ills
With thine almighty hand.

6
Thy sceptre all creation sways;
Thy power knows no controul;
Thy matchless glory shall endure,
While endless ages roll.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

187. *Long Metre.*

1

GREATEST of beings, source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea,
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.

2

Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

3

The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;
While all the stars that cheer the scene
Thee the great lord of light proclaim.

4

And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5

All, great creator, all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care ;
And through each varying scene of life
Thy never-ceasing goodness share.

6

But man was formed to rise to heaven ;
And, blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

188. *Common Metre.*

1

“ PREPARE,” the appointed herald cried,
“ The Lord’s straight path prepare ;
Let vallies rise, let hills subside,
And rugged ways grow fair !

2

“ Then shall the race of man behold
Salvation from on high ;
Then shall the saviour long foretold
Commence his ministry.”

3

Spotless the heaven-taught teacher stood,
And meekly bowed his head,
While from old Jordan’s sacred flood
Baptismal rites were shed.

4

Now spake the announcing voice of heaven,
While bright the glory shone ;
“ To you the Christ of God is given,
Jehovah’s chosen son !

5

“ Him hear ; with him my covenant stands ;
With power I him invest ;
I place my sceptre in his hands,
My truth inspires his breast.”

6

With joy we hear the gospel’s laws ;
We love the saviour’s name ;
We bless the first eternal cause,
From age to age the same.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

189. *Short Metre.*

1

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2

Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3

There love from Christ the spring
Descends to every soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.

4

Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

190. *Long Metre.*

1

NATIONS, with all your various tongues
To God your maker raise your songs ;
Loud sound his name, that nature's ear
His praise through all her bounds may hear.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Exult, each tribe ; exult, each land :
Heaven's mighty Lord with equal hand
The balance holds ; the world's domain
Shall own to latest times his reign.

3

Thy sovereign's name, O earth, revere ;
And let thy sons with holy fear
To him in low prostration bend,
And, duteous, his decrees attend.

4

To God, of life the eternal spring,
Invisible, all-potent king,
One chorus let all creatures raise,
One hymn of universal praise.

191. *Short Metre.*

1

JESUS, the friend of man,
Invites us to his board ;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2

Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crowned each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Then let our powers unite
His honoured name to raise ;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4

And while we share the gifts
Which from his gospel flow,
O may our hearts, to all mankind,
With warm affections glow.

192. *Common Metre.*

1

God is the refuge, God the strength
Of every pious soul ;
God is the anchor of our hope,
When threatening billows roll.

2

Should earth remove, should rocks be rent,
And whelmed beneath the deep ;
Yet shall our minds, secure from fear,
Their peaceful tenor keep.

3

Jehovah in his Zion dwells ;
Her centre is his throne ;
How can she fear, who knows and feels
Omnipotence her own ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

193. *Common Metre.*

1

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing ;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal king.

2

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad ;
Sing the kind promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3

Proclaim salvation from the Lord
For sinful dying men :
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4

Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5

His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies :
The voice which rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

194. *Long Metre.*

1

FATHER of Jesus, God of love,
Of every joy and hope the spring !
For the rich grace by him bestowed,
To thee our grateful praise we bring.

2

Of pardon and eternal life
Thy mercy formed the gracious plan ;
And Jesus, sent by thee, conveyed
The glorious news to sinful man.

3

To seal the covenant which he brought,
He passed through suffering, shame, and death ;
And shall not we his claims revere,
And love him to our latest breath ?

4

O may his love our hearts inspire
His holy precepts to obey ;
His spirit ever be our own,
His promise cheer in life's last day !

5

And when we stand before his bar,
May Jesus own us as his friends !
Then to his glory we shall rise,
And share the bliss which never ends.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

195. *Common Metre.*

1

LET coward guilt with pallid fear
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the awful power
That thunders through the sky.

2

Protected by that hand whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure
As in the blaze of day.

3

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious power
That breathes in vernal air.

4

When through creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul:

5

Unmoved, it can the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.

Q

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

196. *Short Metre.*

1

BEHOLD, the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word!

2

The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

3

Jesus, thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts ;
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts !

4

Cheered by thy beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way :
The path which thou hast marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

197. *Common Metre.*

1

WITH humble reverence we adore
The wise, the righteous God :
Our souls in meek submission bow
Beneath his chastening rod.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave:
He gives; and blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

3

Peace, all our restless passions, then!
Let each impatient sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

4

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

198. *Common Metre.*

1

JEHOVAH, great and sacred name!
Thy glory from afar
Shines in the sun's resplendent ray,
And beams in every star.

2

Thou art the first, and thou the last
No other God we own;
Our fathers' God in ages past;
We worship thee alone.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

The nations long have other gods
And other lords adored ;
We know but thee, the one supreme ;
Thou art the sovereign Lord.

4

May thy great name through earth be known,
And all mankind confess
That thou, Jehovah, only art
The God of righteousness.

199. *Long Metre.*

1

My God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3

I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

200. *Common Metre.*

1

BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet
On an immortal shore.

2

The parent finds his long-lost child ;
Brothers on brothers gaze ;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.

3

Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned ;
All that was dead revives again ;
All that was lost is found.

4

And while remembrance, lingering still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours ;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanded powers.

5

Congenial minds arrayed in light
High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
On wings of love to range.

6

Their father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down ;
The smile that owns their filial claim
Is their immortal crown.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

201. *Short Metre.*

1

How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !

2

Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone.

3

There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess
But such a gloomy cell.

4

God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

5

Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

202. *Long Metre.*

1

WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The parent and the Lord of all!

2

Thou, who has stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race;

3

O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!

4

See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

5

Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

6

With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy son's blest errand from above,
" My children, live in mutual love."

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

203. *Proper Metre.*

1

MY GOD, thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze ;
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds in air upborne
Their genial drops distil ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
It breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3

It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.

4

But in thy gospel see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven :
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5

Then let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my father and my friend,
My soul's eternal good.

204. *Proper Metre.*

1

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain :
To heaven, from which it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all its secret store.

2

Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3

“ So,” saith the God of grace,
“ My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.”

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

205. *Common Metre.*

1

WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
 The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
 An universal shade;

2

Religion's dictates can assuage
 The tempest of the soul;
And every storm shall cease to rage,
 At her divine control.

3

Through life's bewildered darksome way
 Her hand unerring leads,
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
 A cheering lustre sheds.

4

When feeble reason, tired and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
 How powerful is thine aid!

5

O let my heart confess thy power,
 And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
 And soften every grief!

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

206. *Common Metre.*

1

GREAT God, whilst nature speaks thy praise
With all her numerous tongues,
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
And love inspire their songs.

2

Thy power and grandeur they shall sing,
The glories of thy reign ;
Thy wondrous deeds, almighty king,
Shall fill the raptured strain.

3

Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands
While ages roll away.

4

To thee, O Lord, for daily meat
Thy creatures lift their eyes ;
On thee, their common father, wait,
From thee receive supplies.

5

Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its inexhausted store,
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

6

The praise of God, delightful theme !
Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
Let all creation bless his name
In one eternal song.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

207. *Common Metre.*

1

HARK, the glad sound ! the saviour comes !
The saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2

On him the spirit largely poured
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

6

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

208. *Proper Metre.*

1

GOD of eternal power, to thee we bow,
Thy ceaseless bounty claims the sacred vow ;
Far from each heart be every earthborn care,
Pure heavenly love must reign unrivaled there :
Let troubl'd thoughts, contending passions cease,
And bid the wounded spirit seek thy peace.

2

To thee with inmost awe our souls aspire,
From thee our spirits catch their quickening fire ;
Thy presence waits in deepest shades of night,
System to system still transmits thy light ;
Space can alone thy deathless nature bound,
Thy might shall move in time's eternal round.

3

Lo ! starry worlds that far in radiance roll
Proclaim e'en there thine absolute controul ;
Created myriads crowd this earthly ball
And speak thee God ! Jehovah ! all in all !
O'er height, o'er depth, thy glory reigns supreme,
Thy goodness pours thro' all an endless stream.

4

We'll praise thy name when blessings constant
shower,
We'll praise thee still, though grief's thick
clouds should lower ;
Thy fear, O God, shall guard life's morning days,
In manhood's prime the hallow'd song we'll raise,
And when this earthly frame must yield its breath,
E'en then thy praise shall cheer the bed of death.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

209. *Long Metre.*

1

How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will :
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill :

2

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame or private breath :

3

Who envies none that change doth raise ;
Nor vice hath ever understood ;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

4

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great :

5

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
To crave for less, and more obey,
Nor dare with heaven's decree contend :

6

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

210. *Common Metre.*

1

LET all the just, to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2

By his almighty word, at first
The heavenly arch was reared,
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.

3

Above the ocean, dark and wild,
He raised the swelling land ;
And raging waves in narrower bounds
Obey the high command.

4

Let earth and all that dwell therein
Before him trembling stand,
For when he spoke the word, 'twas made,
'twas fixed at his command.

5

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

211. *Long Metre.*

1

THE uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?

3

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.

4

“ Love God and Man ;” that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
Thus did thine ancient prophets teach,
And thus thy well-beloved preach.

212. *Long Metre.*

1

AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill and glories cheat ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Shed down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3

Teach me the flattering paths to shun
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4

May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside,
But through this maze of mortal ill
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

213. *Short Metre.*

1

THE great Jehovah reigns
Upon a throne sublime,
And from his own eternity
Sees the wide wastes of time.

2

“ This great Jehovah’s mine,”
The saint in rapture cries,
“ And to this everlasting rock
My joyful spirit flies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

“ From this immortal spring
Immense salvation flows,
And with the wonders of his love
My grateful bosom glows.

4

“ His name shall be my song,
While life and breath are given ;
And his increasing praise shall run
Through all the days of heaven.”

214. *Common Metre.*

1

GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine :
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will ;
And awed by thy majestic voice
Confusion shall be still.

3

Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

215. *Common Metre.*

1

GREAT God of grace, arise and shine
With beams of heavenly light ;
From this dark world of sin dispel
The long and doleful night.

2

Let no inferior being share
The honours due to thee ;
May every nation know thy name,
And thy salvation see !

3

No more may persecution dare
To lift her iron rod ;
No longer shed the blood of saints,
And plead a zeal for God.

4

With its own pure and native light,
Lord, may thy gospel shine ;
May error fly like noxious mists
Before this light divine.

5

Whilst heaven-born truth her charms reveals,
May love each breast inspire ;
Nor one base passion ever mix
To quench this sacred fire.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

216. *Long Metre.*

1

ALL-SEEING God ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow
To judge, by principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2

Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call,
For modes of faith judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

3

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed ?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly seek, and use our own.

4

If wrong, forgive ; approve, if right ;
While faithful we obey our light,
And, censuring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.

5

When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould,
And charity our lineage prove
Derived from thee, O God of love ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

217. *Common Metre.*

1

GREAT God ! my early vows to thee
With gratitude I'll bring ;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

3

Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

2

Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,
And paint with cheerful splendours gay
The fair ascending morn.

4

And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renewes,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

5

For this will I my vows to thee
With evening incense bring ;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

218. *Proper Metre.*

1

YE WORKS of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praise bestowed ;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finished work surveyed,
And saw that all was good.

2

YE sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamped his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move ;
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

3

YE spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the blest abode,
To heavenly mansions soar ;
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.

4

PRaise him, ye meek and humble train,
Who shall those heavenly joys obtain
Prepared for souls sincere ;
O praise him till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

219. *Common Metre.*

1

GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2

Thy voice sent forth the high command;
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And for thy pleasure all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.

3

Thy glories shine throughout the whole,
Each part reflects thy light;
For thee their course the planets roll,
And day succeeds to night.

4

For thee the earth its produce yields,
For thee the waters flow;
And plants and trees adorn the fields,
And all—thy goodness show.

5

Let us too, Lord, with zeal pursue
This wise and noble end,
That all we think, and all we do
May to thy glory tend.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

220. *Short Metre.*

1

BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God,
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3

In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4

Ye British isles, rejoice ;
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6

His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

221. *Proper Metre.*

1

HEAR, O ye dead, awake! arise!
The sounding trumpet shakes the skies,
The awful judge is near;
Angelic guards attend him down;
And flaming round his awful throne,
A thousand terrors glare.

2

Sinners look upward with amaze;
They tremble while the terrors blaze,
And conscience tells their doom;
Struck with unutterable dread,
Fain would they hide the affrighted head,
And shrink within the tomb.

3

But ye, his happy saints, rejoice:
No terrors hath the saviour's voice,
His looks no frowns for you;
He comes your spirits to convey
To regions of eternal day,
To joys for ever new.

4

“ Blest of my father! haste,” he cries;
“ In shining triumph mount the skies,
To nobler worlds above;
There shall ye share my blissful sight,
And taste the fulness of delight,
In my eternal love!”

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

222. *Common Metre.*

1

THOU, Lord, in mercy wilt regard
The upright and sincere ;
THOU wilt with gracious eye behold
The penitential tear.

2

Thou canst restrain wild passions sway,
The power of vice control ;
Restore bright reason's ray divine,
To purify the soul.

3

O God ! from error turn my feet,
That I no more may stray ;
But guide my wandering footsteps safe
In virtue's peaceful way.

223. *Long Metre.*

1

THE Lord is just ; he made the chain
Which binds together guilt and pain.
The Lord is just ; he loves to shed
His blessings where the virtues tread.

2

Happy the man who dares be just,
Refusing to betray his trust,
Though interest tempt him to the deed,
Though the seducing passions plead.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Happy the man who dares be just,
Steadfast, when duty says “Thou must,”
Against the tyrant’s marking frown,
Or the fond crowd impetuous grown.

4

Him would the storm-vexed ocean’s weight,
Or lightning barbed with instant fate,
Or the last earthquake’s awful shock,
Unfearing smite ;—God is his rock.

224. *Proper Metre.*

1

PRAISE the Lord ; ye heavens adore him ;
Praise him angels in the height !
Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him all ye stars of light !
Praise the Lord for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never can be broken
For their guidance he hath made.

2

Praise the Lord for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail :
Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Praise and magnify his name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

225. *Long Metre.*

1

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy desigus.

2

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep :
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4

My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

226. *Common Metre.*

1

My God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will ;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2

The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtues he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3

The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4

The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man or God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading its arms abroad :

5

And lo ! he vanished from the ground
Destroyed by hands unseen ;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found
Where all that pride had been.

6

But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

227. *Proper Metre.*

1

I'LL PRAISE my maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, or thought, or being last,
Or immortality endures.

2

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
His love their joyful lips shall tell ;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

228. *Short Metre.*

1

YE SLAVES to time and sense,
Whose minds their bondage see ;
The gospel breaks your servile chain,
And sets the captive free.

2

Gross darkness shall no more
Enslave the trembling soul ;
Before the cheering rays of truth
Its gloomy vapours roll.

3

From Aaron's costly rites,
Lo ! David's greater son
The ceremonial law revokes,
And publishes his own.

4

His hand removed the veil
Which hid the mercy seat,
And leads the child of penitence
Before his father's feet.

5

From soul-debasing vice
He frees the troubled mind ;
And such as bear his gentle yoke
True liberty shal' find.

6

But, oh, triumphant thought !
He calms the fear of death ;
We view the saviour's bursting tomb,
And meekly yield our breath.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

229. *Long Metre.*

1

GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4

He fills the sun with morning light,
And bids the moon direct the night ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5

He sent his son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6

Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

230. *Common Metre.*

1

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord ;
His well-established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

2

Oft through the deep and stormy sea,
The heavenly footsteps lie ;
But on a glorious world beyond,
His faith can fix its eye.

3

Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.

4

Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes ;
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

5

No dangers can his soul alarm,
No gloomy views affright,
For faith assures his humble heart,
Whatever is, is right.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

231. *Short Metre.*

1

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2

But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3

How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4

I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray.

5

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

232. *Proper Metre.*

1

MARK, my soul, life's shifting scene,
Where nothing long endures ;
Stormy now, and now serene,
No skill from change secures :
Now the clouds that veil the sun
Dark and terrible appear ;
Yet ere this day's race be run
His brightest rays shall cheer.

2

Vainly then the proud shall boast
How firm his mountain stands ;
While the weak and tempest-tost
In peaceful harbour lands :
Providence may blow the gale,
Or to waft or overwhelm ;
Yet let virtue spread the sail,
And truth command the helm.

3

Life, how short the voyage is !
But how important too !
Havens of eternal bliss
Still opening to our view :
Where the heart is right with God,
We shall never want his grace ;
Earth is but our short abode,
And heaven our resting-place.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

233. *Common Metre.*

1

YE HUMBLE souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2

Thus low the Lord of light was brought,
Such wonders love can do ;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3

Then raise your eyes and tune your songs,
The saviour lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

4

High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonoured head ;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5

With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
Through all his shining way.

234. *Common Metre.*

1

BLEST, who the fellowship of sin
Has early learnt to fly,
Who hates the bold blaspheming tongue,
The scorner's vanity.

2

The word to man divinely given
Employs his constant care,
The busy day, the wakeful night,
This heavenly study share.

3

As the fair palm in fertile fields,
Where gentle springs abound,
In youthful vigour freshly blooms,
And towers above the ground ;

4

Long years increase its hardy strength,
And rear its honours high,
Firm fixt below it braves the storm,
Its fruits are in the sky:

5

Thus firm in faith the virtuous man
Shall rise divinely blest,
The storms of life unshaken bear,
And find immortal rest.

6

But sinners hopes, unsound as chaff,
Light as the misty air,
Shall fly before the heavenly wrath,
And end in deep despair.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

235. *Proper Metre.*

1

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2

My feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears :
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4

Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die
Till from on high
Thou call'st me home.

236. *Long Metre.*

1

When God is nigh my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart: rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3

My flesh shall the glad call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4

There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

237. *Common Metre.*

1

THE sacred joy which virtue brings,
The lasting joy of truth,
Depends not on the blooming scene,
The scene of transient youth.

2

Through nature's great and constant change,
Unconscious of delay,
It views unmoved the scythe of time
Sweep all besides away.

3

Fixed on their own unchanging base,
Eternal are these joys ;
While borne on transitory wings
Each mortal pleasure flies.

4

While every short lived flower of sense,
Destructive years consume,
Through virtue's fair, delightful walk,
Unfading myrtles bloom.

5

Nor with the narrow bounds of time
The beauteous prospect ends,
But lengthened through the vale of death,
To paradise extends.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

238. *Proper Metre.*

1

WHEN morning dawns, my soul reveres
The great first cause that bade the spheres
In tuneful order move :
Thine is the sable-mantled night,
Unseen Almighty, and the light
The radiance of thy love.

2

Hark ! the awakened grove repays
With melody the genial rays ;
And echo spreads the strain :
The streams in grateful murmurs run ;
The bleating flocks salute the sun ;
And music glads the plain.

3

Happy the man whose tranquil mind
Sees nature in her changes kind,
And pleased the whole surveys ;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

4

The varying year may shift the scene ;
The sounding tempest lash the main ;
And heaven's own thunders roll :
Resigned he views the bursting storm ;
Tempests nor thunder can deform
The morning of his soul.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

239. *Long Metre.*

1

God of the universe, whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
The peopled worlds fulfil their race ;

2

How vast the region, where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives ;
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3

Lord, while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below ;
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms burn
To spread the gifts from thee that flow.

4

So at the awful hour of change
Our souls the bonds of death shall tear,
Through the whole starry vast to range,
Thy bounty to admire and share.

240. *Common Metre.*

1

YE followers of the Prince of peace
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.

3

Let each his sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

4

Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honoured name :
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

241. *Long Metre.*

1

GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through :
Our labouring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2

Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Yet Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know :
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4

O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will !

242. *Common Metre.*

1

Great God ! thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy power and might,
The universe displays.

2

In safety may thy children rest -
On thy sustaining arm ;
Extended still, and strong to save
From danger and alarm.

3

O may thy gracious presence, Lord,
Chase anxious fears away ;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

243. *Proper Metre.*

1

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Finished is probation's day,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer stay,
But how little none can know.

2

As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

3

Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with our father's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

244. *Common Metre.*

1

WHEN in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led ;

2

How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold !
What countless dangers will be past,
What tales of sorrow told !

3

But, O my soul ! if thou canst say
I've seen my God in all ;
In every trouble owned his hand,
In every gift his call :

4

If piety have marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,
And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned :

5

If I an aged servant am
Of Jesus and of God ;
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread the appointed road.

6

This scene will all my labours end ;
This road conduct on high ;
With comfort I'll review the past,
And triumph, though I die.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

245. *Long Metre.*

1

WHEN mild religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm ;

2

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease ;
Religion's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

3

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

4

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

5

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

246. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2

Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear ;
But O, let man thy praise record,
Man, thy distinguished care.

3

From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

4

Thy providence, his constant guard
When threatening woes impend,
Or will the impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

5

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possest ;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.

6

All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

247. *Long Metre.*

1

To THEE my heart, Eternal King !
Would now its thankful tribute bring ;
To thee its humble homage raise
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

2

All-nature shows thy boundless love
In worlds below and worlds above ;
But in thy blessed word I trace
The richer glories of thy grace.

3

There, what delightful truths are given !
There Jesus shows the way to heaven ;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4

There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the labouring conscience peace ;
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5

For love like this, O may my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong ;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

248. *Common Metre.*

1

How rich thy favours, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2

He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3

The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

249. *Short Metre.*

1

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2

My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

With all my griefs and cares,
I'll lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burthen on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

4

His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The rock on which their safety rests
No earthly power can move.

250. *Common Metre.*

1

Joy to the world ! the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her king ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2

Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make his blessings flow
To earth's remotest bound.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

251. *Proper Metre.*

1

SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,
Nor let this earth delude thy sight
With glittering trifles, gay and vain ;
Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
And faith displays the shining train.

2

The world's gay pageant rolls along ;
The giddy inexperienced throng
Pursue it with enchanted eyes ;
It passes in swift march away,
Still more and more its charms decay,
Till the last gaudy colour dies.

3

O God, to thee my soul shall turn ;
For thee my noblest passions burn,
And trust for bliss in thee alone :
I fix on that unchanging home,
Where never-fading pleasure's bloom,
Fresh springing round thy radiant throne.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

252. *Short Metre.*

1

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2

Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light ;
For know its maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3

His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling vigorous youth
The remnant of its days.

4

On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.

5

Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

6

Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

253. *Proper Metre.*

1

God of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through dangers darkest hour;
Here, in thy temple, bow thy creatures down
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own :
“Thee first, thee last,” the source and spring of
blessing,
From age to age, from sire to son confessing.

2

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day ;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness ; all are thine :
Thy hand hath fixt the season’s sure succession,
And marked the circling year’s complete pro-
gression.

3

If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true ;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, thou wert present there ;
Where’er we rov’d, our wand’ring steps attending,
With outstretched arm our heads from ill de-
fending.

4

Yet, when our hearts review departed days,
How vast thy mercies ! how remiss our praise !
Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,
Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet ;
Well may we bow in silent shame before thee,
And bless the clouds that scatter darkness o’er
thee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5

O lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee!
Where'er we dwell still let thy mercy be ;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly
thine ;
“ Thee first, thee last,” the source and spring of
blessing,
From youth to age, in life, in death confessing.

254. *Short Metre.*

1

How gentle God’s commands !
How kind his precepts are !
“ Come, cast your burthens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.”

2

While providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide his children well.

3

O why should anxious fears
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly father’s throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

255. *Long Metre.*

1

Who gave the sun his noon-day light?
Who taught the moon to shine by night?
Whose hands the sheet of heaven unrolled,
All set with stars like drops of gold?

2

Who gave the winds their course to know?
The ocean tides to ebb and flow?
And day and night preserve their bounds,
And changing seasons know their rounds?

3

Could man conceive the vast design?
Could he the grand machine combine?
Stretch his weak hands from pole to pole,
And bid them on their centre roll?

4

Could man, with all his skill, compose
The humblest blade of grass that grows?
Or at his will ordain to be
The smallest insect that we see?

5

'Twas God who gave creation birth,
Who formed this wondrous globe of earth,
And breathed throughout the mighty whole,
The likeness of a living soul.

6

Bow then to God, O all that live!
To God eternal praises give!
Who fashioned by his mighty hand,
Sun, moon, and stars, and sea, and land.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

256. *Common Metre.*

1

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2

When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3

The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4

He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5

His mercy never will remove
From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

257. *Long Metre.*

1

God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4

There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our hope, our fears controuls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

258. *Proper Metre.*

1

FATHER divine, before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye :
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear !
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

2

From thee our vital breath we drew,
Our childhood was thy care,
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share :
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear !
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

3

Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose :
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear !
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

4

To thee we look, thou power supreme ;
O still our wants supply !
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die !
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear !
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

259. *Short Metre.*

1

How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercy shew,
Each night thy love record.

2

Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3

Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes ;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4

But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind
To chase our sins away.

5

How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy truth shall shew,
And all thy love record.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

260. *Common Metre.*

1

WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2

He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5

He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

201. *Proper Metre.*

1

'Tis mercy calls : awake each grateful string ;
Resound the praises of our heavenly king ;
In strains of joy proclaim abroad
The boundless mercy of our God,
The mercies shown us from above,
The wonders of redeeming love ;
Come, let us in one sacred chorus join,
Till our united voices reach the seats divine.

2

The Lord, though seated far beyond the sky,
Yet sees the wretched with a pitying eye :
His eye beholds each anxious care,
The lonely sigh, the silent tear ;
He sees the widow's streaming eye,
And hears the hungry orphan's cry ;
Depending worlds his sacred bounty share,
All creatures find a part of their creator's care.

3

Hear this, ye pious but dejected minds,
Whom error darkens or whom weakness blinds ;
Lift from the dust your mournful eye,
And know the Lord, your help, is nigh ;
These sorrows from your breasts shall roll,
And comfort bless the humble soul :
Let cheerful hope in every bosom spring,
For boundless mercy dwells with Heaven's
immortal King.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4

All ye who bend beneath the stroke of time,
And ye whose cheeks confess their healthy prime,
Your maker and preserver praise
For early and for lengthened days !
The pious and the grateful song
Shall lisp upon the infant's tongue ;
While heavenly mercy soothes the mourner's
care,
And bids the saint rejoice, the sinner not despair.

262. *Common Metre.*

1

THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2

Another day more awful dawns,
And lo ! the judge appears !
Ye heavens, retire before his face !
And sink, ye darkened stars !

3

Yet does one short remaining hour,
One precious hour remain :
Rouse then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

263. *Common Metre.*

1

YE GOLDEN lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

2

And thou, resplendent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

6

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

264. *Long Metre.*

1

GREAT God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name ;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand, from which our being came.

2

Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;
And years with smiling mercy crowned
To thee successive honours raise.

3

To thee we raise the annual song ;
To thee the grateful tribute give ;
Our God doth still our years prolong,
And midst unnumbered deaths we live.

4

Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds ;
And every period as it rolls
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

5

Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

6

Thus will we sing, till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And after death thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

265. *Common Metre.*

1

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

3

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years ;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

4

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
“ Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.”

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

266. *Short Metre.*

1

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2

The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day !

3

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4

One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5

To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

207. *Common Metre.*

1

THE weary traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh;
And marks the welcome dawn of light
With rapture in his eye:

2

Thus the sweet dawn of heavenly day
Lost weary sinners find;
When mercy with reviving ray
Beams o'er the fainting mind.

3

To slaves opprest with cruel chains
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end!

4

Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls,
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its power controuls.

5

My God, to thy revealed light
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once wandering in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe:

6

'Twas thy blest hand redeemed the slave,
And set the prisoner free:
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee!

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

268. *Long Metre.*

1

GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie,
Whose favouring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;

2

We bow before thy heavenly throne ;
Thy power we see, thy goodness own ;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3

Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own ;
To thee with grateful hearts shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4

Safe under thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread ;
And freely as the vital air
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5

O God, our guardian, and our friend !
O still thy sheltering arm extend ;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

269. *Short Metre.*

1

BEHOLD the gloomy vale
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
Which leads thee to the dead.

2

Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,
Which I so long have known ;
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.

3

But see ! a ray of light,
With splendour all divine,
Breaks through the dreary realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.

4

Where death in darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay ;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

5

Kind shepherd, lead me on ;
My soul disdains to fear ;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Since life's great lord is near.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

270. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2

Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night ;
Secure and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3

While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed mine eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

4

When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed
To guard my feeble clay.

5

O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

271. *Long Metre.*

1

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone,
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2

Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year ;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3

Another fleeting day is gone
To join the fugitives before ;
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.

4

Another fleeting day is gone,
But soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

5

Another fleeting day is gone,
In solemn silence rest, my soul ;
Bow down before his awful throne
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

272. *Common Metre.*

1

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

3

No ; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

4

Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !

5

But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

273. *Common Metre.*

1

YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares ;
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2

Your father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight ;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

3

Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these,
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

4

For all we have, for all we hope,
We bless thy sacred name ;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.

274. *Long Metre.*

1

THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3

To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4

Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

275. *Common Metre.*

1

THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade !
How swift they pass away !
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2

Soon are those earthly treasures lost
We fondly call our own ;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4

The seeds, which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

276. *Common Metre.*

1

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be adored.

2

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3

His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

277. *Long Metre.*

1

PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above ;
The unchanging source of light and love.

2

Our rising earth his eye beheld
When in substantial darkness veiled ;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3

“ Let there be light ! ” Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread ;
Nature, arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4

He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice ;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5

My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
His radiant image shall display,
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

278. *Proper Metre.*

1

O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high ;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.

Cheerful in God
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2

He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade ;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.

The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

3

In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright :

Pursue his praise
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
The glory raise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4

There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies ;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres
His influence own.

279. *Long Metre.*

1

O TURN, great ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sins thy searching eyes ;
Nor let the offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2

Lord, let thy clemency divine
Conspicuous in my pardon shine !
O let the fulness of thy grace
Each error of my life efface !

3

Give me a will to thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renewed ;
Nor let me, lost in hopeless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

4

The heart that, taught its guilt to know,
Repentant heaves with inward woe,
Shall find its humble prayers and sighs
To thee in full acceptance rise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

280. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD, what a feeble frame is ours !
How vain a thing is man !
How frail are all his boasted powers,
And short at best his span !

2

Swift as the feathered arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding air,
Or as a kindling meteor dies
Ere it can well appear ;

3

So pass our fleeting years away,
And time runs on its race ;
In vain we ask a moment's stay,
Nor will it slack its pace.

4

O make us truly wise to learn
How weak and frail we are,
That we may mind our grand concern,
And for our change prepare.

5

Then may we bid our years roll on,
And time make haste away ;
The sooner will our souls be gone
To endless life and day.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

281. *Long Metre.*

1

ETERNAL and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendours none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his lustre's there.

2

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy
In fixt regards, great God, to thee.

3

Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing raptured soul,
The likeness it contemplates wears.

4

O ever-conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

5

This one petition would it urge,
To bear thee ever in its sight ;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

282. *Common Metre.*

1

How shall I praise the Eternal God !
That Infinite unknown !
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne ?

2

The great Invisible, he dwells
Concealed in dazzling light ;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3

Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around :
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4

He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees ;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.

283. *Common Metre.*

1

HE WHO spread forth the arch of heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
And formed the human soul :

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Thus saith the Lord, “ Thee have I sent,
A prophet from the sky,
Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
The message from on high.

3

“ Before thy face the shades of death
Shall take to sudden flight,
The people who in darkness dwell
Shall hail a glorious light :

4

“ The gates of brass shall 'sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall ;
The promised jubilee of heaven
Appointed rise o'er all.

5

“ And lo ! presaging thy approach,
The heathen temples shake,
And trembling in forsaken fanes
The fabled idols quake.

6

“ I am Jehovah : I am One :
My name shall now be known ;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne.”

7

Let all, combined with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

284. *Long Metre.*

1

AWAKE, my soul, shake off the dream,
And know thy real excellence ;
Too long I've yielded to the stream,
Borne down by appetite and sense.

2

Awake, my thought, rouse every power,
And all thy native strength display ;
Let lust and passion reign no more,
Nor yield to pride's impetuous sway.

3

My spirit meek and humble be,
Content and pleased with every state ;
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.

4

Confine thy roving appetites,
From earth withdraw thy heart and eyes,
Fix them on pure, divine delights,
And love and live above the skies.

5

On wings of faith to heaven ascend,
By hope anticipate the feast ;
With all thy might still upward tend,
And leave to sensual minds the rest.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

285. *Common Metre.*

1

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee ;
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

2

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3

There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

4

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5

Author and guardian of my life !
Sweet source of light divine !
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine !

6

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

286. *Common Metre.*

1

IN VAIN opposing nations rage
If God with us abide :
One word from him dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.

2

His wisdom sees correction meet ;
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads
Through every trembling land.

3

His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease ;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.

4

Mortals, adore his sovereign power,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

287. *Long Metre.*

1

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Father divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my wandering footsteps right.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Engage this frail and wavering heart
Wisely to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

3

Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4

If thou, my father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die :
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

288. *Proper Metre.*

1

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest, if wisdom thou despise,
She may never more be won.

2

Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's course is run.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4

Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

289. *Common Metre.*

1

COME unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears oppress ;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

2

Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind ;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

3

For light and gentle is my yoke ;
The burthen I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

290. *Long Metre.*

1

PRAISE ye the Lord who reigns above,
Fixt on his throne of truth and love:
Behold the finger of his power,
Contemplate, wonder, and adore.

2

When man, debased and guilty man,
From crime to crime with madness ran,
Well might his arm its thunders launch,
And blast the ungrateful, root and branch.

3

But clemency with justice strove
To save the people of his love :
“ Go, David’s greater son,” he cried,
“ Be thou their teacher, thou their guide.”

4

The eastern star with glory streams,
It comes with healing on its beams :
Dark mists of error fleet away,
And Judah hails the rising day.

5

His sacred memory we bless,
Whose holy gospel we profess ;
And praise that great almighty name
From which this light and favour came.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

291. *Common Metre.*

1

“ STAND still, resplendent orb of day ! ”
The Jewish victor cries :
So shall at last an angel say,
And tear it from the skies.

2

A flame intenser than the sun
Shall melt his golden urn ;
Time’s empty glass no more shall run,
Nor human years return.

3

Then, with immortal splendour bright,
That glorious orb shall rise,
Which through eternity shall light
The new-created skies.

4

On the bright ranks of happy souls,
Those blissful beams shall shine ;
While the loud song of triumph rolls,
In harmony divine.

5

O let not sordid base desire,
The soul’s dark rayless night,
Unfit us for heaven’s sacred choir,
Or God’s eternal light !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

292. *Short Metre.*

1

I HEAR the voice of woe ;
A fellow mortal mourns ;
My eyes with pity overflow,
My heart his sighs returns.

2

I hear the thirsty cry,
The hungry beg for bread ;
O let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.

3

And shall not wrath relent,
Touched by that humble strain,
My brother crying, “ I repent,
Nor will offend again ? ”

4

How else on soaring wing
Can hope bear high my prayer,
Up to thy throne, my God, my king,
To plead for pardon there ?

5

The bountiful and kind
Thy bounty shall repay ;
With thee shall the forgiving find
A sweet forgiving day.

6

But justice lifts her scale,
And shakes her rod on high ;
Nor prayers, nor sighs, nor tears avail
The sons of cruelty.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

293. *Common Metre.*

1

THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar,
The Lord uplifts his awful hand
And chains you to the shore.

3

Howl, winds of night, your force combine ;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5

Ye nations bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate the God !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

294. *Long Metre.*

1

GREAT source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace ;
Crowned with thy mercy we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2

By thee heaven's shining arch was spread ;
By thee were earth's foundations laid ;
And all the charms of men's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3

Thy tender hand restores our breath
When trembling on the verge of death ;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4

These lives are sacred to the Lord,
Kindled by him, by him restored ;
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5

So when by him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To seats of nobler life above.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

295. *Common Metre.*

1

God, to correct a guilty world,
In wrath is slow to rise ;
But comes at length in thunder clothed,
And darkness veils the skies.

2

All earthly glory, pomp, and pride
Are in his presence lost ;
Empires o'erturned, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion lost.

3

While war and misery prevail,
And desolation wide ;
In God, the sovereign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.

4

Dark and mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way ;
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.

5

Yet, though enveloped in the cloud,
And from our view concealed,
The righteous judge will soon appear,
In majesty revealed.

6

Then will he curb the lawless power,
The deadly wrath of man ;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

296. *Common Metre.*

1

ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong embracing force ;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

2

Thus in the universe of mind
Is felt the law of love,
The charity both strong and kind
For all that live and move.

3

In this fine sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part,
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to the feeling heart.

4

More perfect bond, the christian plan
Attaches soul to soul ;
Our neighbour is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.

5

To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ profest
More clear reveals that God is love,
And whom he loves is blest.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

297. *Short Metre.*

1

THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor take the scorner's place :

2

But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3

He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root ;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4

Not so the ungodly race,
They no such blessings find ;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5

God knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go ;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

298. *Proper Metre.*

1

O LET your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth ;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2

He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3

He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime
Where reigns eternal day.

4

Then let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth ;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

299. *Long Metre.*

1

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

2

Vain was the boast of lengthened years,
The patriarch's full maturity ;
'Twas but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.

3

“ He lived,—he died ; ” behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page !
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

4

O Father ! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;

5

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
So shall we wake from death's dark night
To share the glory that succeeds.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

300. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD, how resplendent shines thy grace,
Through sorrow's darkest sky,
To those who humbly seek thy face,
And on thy love rely.

2

If wealth takes wings and flies away,
They still have stores divine ;
A treasure that shall ne'er decay,
A pure exhaustless mine.

3

When death has slain their earthly joys,
Not hopeless they deplore ;
They look to those eternal skies
Where friends shall part no more.

4

And when with conscious guilt oppress
They own their sins to thee,
Thou dost revive the fainting breast
With pardon full and free.

5

O Lord, to thee our hearts we'll bring,
Fixt in thy love and fear ;
Then shall our sorrows lose their sting,
And dry be every tear.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

301. *Long Metre.*

1

How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recals again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.

2

So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last ;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

302. *Common Metre.*

1

FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2

O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe !

3

Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4

Under the gentle sway of love
Be every passion brought ;
O be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought !

303. *Proper Metre.*

1

I READ thy name, O God, emblazoned high
In golden letters on the illumined sky ;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear thy voice, my God, among the trees.

2

With thee in shady solitudes I walk ;
With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;
In every creature own thy forming power ;
In each event thy providence adore.

3

At thy felt presence worldly passions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a holy peace ;
While each tumultuous thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes.

4

Thus do I rest unmoved by all alarms
Secure within the temple of thine arms ;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

2 A 2

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

304. *Long Metre.*

1

HOSANNA ! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising king ;
Recount his victories, and tell
How Jesus triumphed when he fell.

2

Soon as the morning's earliest ray
Brings on the third, the appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise !

3

With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes ;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.

4

Ye tribes of Adam, raise the song,
And bid angelic harps prolong
The triumphs of that day of grace
Which sealed salvation to our race.

5

Salvation ! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord ;
The triumphs of the saviour tell,
Who died, and conquered when he fell !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

305. *Common Metre.*

1

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2

In life's first dawn my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3

Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4

While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

5

Our frail mortality in vain
Attempts the blissful song ;
The high, the vast, the boundless strain
Claims an immortal tongue.

6

Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

306. *Proper Metre.*

1

O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!
The world's transparent canopy,
Break your long silence, and let mortals know
With what contempt you look on things below.

2

O light! thou fairest, first of thiugs,
From whom all joy, all beauty springs,
O praise the almighty ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee as his imperial robe.

3

Great eye of all! whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praise his name, without whose purer light
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

4

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who through the concave blow,
Swift to perform the mandates of his word,
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise the almighty
Lord.

5

Praise him, old monuments of time,
O praise him, ye in youthful prime;
Praise him, who shine in beauty's excellence,
And praise him, thou sweet age of innocence.

6

Let the wide world his praises sing,
From whom its various blessings spring:
Let echoing anthems make his praises known,
On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne!

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

307. *Long Metre.*

1

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Whose hands and hearts are pure from sin ;
Should tempests shake the earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2

The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4

How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow ;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5

They scorn to seek for golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
Which heaven prepares for their delight.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

308. *Common Metre.*

1

My God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2

My flesh was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine ;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

3

Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year ;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4

Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5

Then in the history of mine age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

309. *Long Metre.*

1

AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2

Here giant danger threatening stands
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banner's spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

5

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

6

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
The man of Calvary triumphed here,
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

310. *Proper Metre.*

1

YE HOLY souls in God rejoice,
Your maker's praise becomes your voice,
Great is your theme, your songs be new :
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true.

2

Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves ;
His word the heavenly arches spread ;
How wide they shine from north to south !
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3

He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
Those watery treasures know their place,
In the vast storehouse of the deep ;
He spake and gave all nature birth,
And fire, and seas, and heaven, and earth
His everlasting orders keep.

4

Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands ;
But his eternal counsel stands
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

311. *Long Metre.*

1

WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And seek the joys which hurt the soul ;
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last :

2

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root ;
That friend who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

3

With this companion in the shade
My soul no more shall be dismayed ;
I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

4

Though heaven afflict, I'll not repine ;
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

5

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God
When sovereign love directs the rod ?

6

His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

312. *Proper Metre.*

1

GENTLY glides the stream of life
Oft along the flowery vale ;
Or impetuous down the cliff
Rushing roars when storms assail.

2

’Tis an ever-varied flood,
Always rolling to its sea ;
Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude,
Tending to eternity.

313. *Long Metre.*

1

How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this grateful heart to glow ;
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of thy mercy flow !

2

How calmly rolls the stream of life ;
Secure in thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longers shudders at the dust.

3

Though sorrow’s cloud awhile o’ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.

Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care,
And the blest record thou wilt own.

314. Proper Metre.

THE mighty God, at whose supreme command
War spreads its fury o'er the guilty land,
Bids peace return : the raging storm is o'er,
And the loud clang of arms is heard no more ;
Harmonious sounds succeed the wild commotion,
The earth revives, and smiles the peaceful ocean.

See all mankind those blest enjoyments prove
Which flow from concord, amity, and love ;
In harmless crowds contending nations meet,
And vengeful foemen now as brothers greet ;
From distant climes in social bonds combining,
And various tongues in one loud chorus joining.

O God of peace ! send forth the high behest,
And bid thy sons in lasting union rest ;
Proclaim the law of love from pole to pole,
Till all thy children own its soft control :
Then shall they live forgiving and forgiven,
And gain a foretaste of the joys of heaven.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

315. *Long Metre.*

1

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

4

Great sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

5

Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

316. *Common Metre.*

1

RELIGION's voice to every land
A clear direction gives ;
In every heart its mild command,
Engraved by nature, lives.

2

Its priest is every virtuous man,
Its victims sin and vice,
Its altar is creation's span,
To God its praises rise.

3

Though time each earthly work erase,
And empires should decay,
Religion nothing can efface,
'Tis mind's enlightening ray.

4

To human temples not confined,
Its temple is the heart ;
To every upright willing mind
Its joys it shall impart.

5

Those joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away ;
Which even after death shall live
In everlasting day.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

317. *Long Metre.*

1

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3

Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5

O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

318. *Common Metre.*

1

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame !
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3

See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4

Some walk in honour's gaudy show ;
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5

What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

319. *Long Metre.*

1

BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise :
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

3

Our youth decayed his power repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

4

His power he showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands ;
But made his truth and mercy known
To all the nations by his son.

5

Let the whole earth his power confess ;
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

320. *Common Metre.*

1

O GOD, to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly ;
Thy love can all my griefs controul,
And all my wants supply.

2

How oft, when black misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good.

3

The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my bosom free
From earthly care, and sensual joy,
And turned my thoughts to thee.

4

Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' woe ;
And humbly seek with deep concern
My own defects to know.

5

Then rage ye storms ! ye billows roar !
My heart defies your shock ;
Ye make me cling to God the more,
To God, my sheltering rock.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

321. *Long Metre.*

1

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

2

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty maker, to thy name ?

4

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5

Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

322. *Common Metre.*

1

THE eternal God in thunder speaks,
And rends the vaulted sky ;
While lightnings midst the awful gloom
Declare Jehovah nigh.

2

The howling winds, the beating rain,
The sea's tumultuous roar ;
These in tremendous concert joined
Proclaim thy boundless power.

3

He comes ! all nature prostrate lies,
And trembles at his nod ;
Earthquakes and dreadful storms announce
The presence of the God.

4

To celebrate his praise sublime
While heaven and earth combine,
Let man in nobler strains adore
His boundless power divine.

5

Great God, the splendours of thy might
Our awe and wonder raise ;
Thy deeds of glory far surpass
Our loftiest hymns of praise.

6

Yet, Lord, in thine almighty arm
Secure thy servants trust ;
Midst all the clouds and storms of life
The refuge of the just.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

323. *Proper Metre.*

1

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

324. *Common Metre.*

1

THE righteous Lord loves upright souls,
He marks them for his own;
And when he hears their humble prayer,
Bends from his gracious throne.

2

Then will I fear his sacred name,
Nor dare oppose his will;
Commune in secret with my heart,
And bid each thought be still.

3

And while my willing hands present
This offering to the Lord,
My soul defies each threatening ill,
And trusts his faithful word.

4

While thousands search for bliss on earth,
And search alas! in vain;
Be mine the joys his favour gives,
Let me his smiles obtain.

5

One smile from thee, my gracious God!
Bids all my powers rejoice;
Not all the pleasures earth can yield
Should change my happy choice.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

325 *Proper Metre.*

1

ADORE, O man, the mighty hand
By which creation's pillars stand
 Firm as the mountain base ;
Which raised on high the spangled dome,
Which gave to earth her teeming womb,
 And filled the realms of space.

2

Father of all, above ! below !
Fount, whence celestial favours flow !
 Thy heavenly name we seek ;
There's not a spot but thou hast trod ;
There's nought exists but marks thee God ;
 Thy glories ceaseless speak.

3

Thine arm directs time's circling flight ;
The rolling ages feel thy might,
 And ever spread thy fame ;
The nations own thy fixt decree,
Without thine aid they cease to be,
 Thou vast eternal name.

4

Thy mighty will the storm controuls ;
Thy mind pervades where ocean rolls,
 And suns in splendor shine ;
By thee unnumbered systems move,
The circling worlds thy wonders prove,
 And glow with light divine.

To that vast power which ever reigns,
Whose breath the tribes of earth sustains,
 Be praises ceaseless given ;
In sweetest notes of rapture sing,
Till strains seraphic echoing ring
 Through the high arch of heaven.

326. *Common Metre.*

GREAT source of boundless power and grace !
 Attend my mournful cry ;
In the dark hour of deep distress,
 To thee, O God, I fly.

Thou art my strength, my life, my stay,
 Assist my feeble trust ;
Drive these distressing fears away,
 And raise me from the dust.

O let me call thy grace to mind,
 And trust thy glorious name ;
Jehovah ! powerful, wise, and kind,
 For ever is the same.

Here let me rest, on thee depend,
 My God, my hope, my all ;
Be thou my everlasting friend
 And I can never fall.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

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PSALMS AND HYMNS.

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 My God, my hope, my all ;
Be thou my everlasting friend
 And I can never fall.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

329. *Proper Metre.*

1

THE Saviour comes, by prophets long foretold !
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold. }
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.

2

'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear ;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting as the bounding roe.

3

No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
From every face he'll wipe off every tear ;
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

330. *Long Metre.*

1

YE humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store ;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.

2

When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes
The bright reversion in the skies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
In vain they boast their little stores,
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

4

A kingdom which can ne'er decay
While time sweeps earthly thrones away ;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved for ever must remain.

331. *Common Metre.*

1

MY SOUL, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad ;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2

Through all the winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide ;
And in that long experienced care
My heart would still confide.

3

His love through all the desert flows
An unexhausted stream ;
That love on Zion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

332. *Short Metre.*

1

My MAKER, and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

2

Thee, ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My grateful heart to love.

3

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

4

O what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart:
The gift, alas, how poor!

5

O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

333. *Common Metre.*

1

WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face ;
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace !
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2

Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3

O that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind !
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

4

To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

5

My God, I long, and hope, and wait
For thy salvation still ;
Whilst thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

334. *Proper Metre.*

1

THE promises I sing
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
Nor will the eternal king
His words of grace revoke ;
They stand secure
And steadfast still ;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

2

The mountains melt away,
When once the judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years ;
But still the same,
In radiant lines
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

3

Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres ;
Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

335. *Common Metre.*

1

Good is the Lord, the heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2

The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out at his command
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3

The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

4

The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers ;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5

The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop ;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6

The various months his goodness crowns ;
How bounteous are his ways !
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout his praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

336. *Long Metre.*

1

COME, let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet Charity, the child of God !

Hers, on whose kind maternal breast
The sheltered babes of misery rest.

2

Who, when she sees the sufferer bleed,
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
Comes with prompt hand and look benign
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine :

3

Who, in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides ;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.

4

Her tender mercies freely fall
Like heaven's refreshing dews on all ;
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes, the human race.

5

Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown ;
Wherever Faith's rapt thought has soared,
Or Hope her upward flight explored.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

337. *Common Metre.*

1

OUR life is but an idle play,
And various as the wind ;
We sport our fleeting hours away,
Nor think of woes behind.

2

Our pleasures, like the morning sun,
Diffuse a flattering light,
But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,
And soon they sink in night.

3

Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold
With an admiring eye,
Like summer insects, dressed in gold,
That flutter, shine, and die.

4

Then rise, my soul, and soar away
Above the thoughtless crowd,
Above the pleasures of the gay,
And splendors of the proud.

5

Up, where eternal beauties bloom,
And pleasures all divine ;
Where wealth that never can consume,
And endless glories shine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

338. *Proper Metre.*

1

ALL earthly charms, however dear,
How'er they please the eye or ear,
 Will quickly fade and fly ;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
 In endless darkness die.

2

The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
 Or know a sad decay ;
Their honours time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
 Beam everlasting day.

339. *Common Metre.*

1

O HAPPINESS, thou pleasing drear,
 Where is thy substance found ?
Sought through the varying scenes in vain
 Of earth's capacious round.

2

The charms of grandeur, pomp, and show
 Are nought but gilded snares ;
Ambition's painful steep ascent,
 Thick set with thorny cares.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Religion's sacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness for ever shines
With unpolluted ray :

4

To regions of eternal peace
Beyond the starry skies ;
Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys
In endless prospect rise.

340. *Long Metre.*

1

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly ;
Thy mercy, in thy justice, praise.

2

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill ;
But what the Eternal does is right.

3

O teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness trust, thy justice fear.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

341. *Short Metre.*

1

“BLEST are the meek,” He said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2

While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3

The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And, yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

4

No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

5

O gracious father, grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

342. *Common Metre.*

1

‘TWAS God who formed the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies ;
Who fixed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2

From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined ;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3

He darts along the burning skies,
Loud thunders round him roar ;
All heaven attends him as he flies,
All hell proclaims his power.

4

He speaks : great nature’s wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round ;
The mountains melt, each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

5

He scatters nations with his breath,
The scattered nations fly ;
Blue pestilence and spreading death
Confess the Godhead nigh.

6

Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfil his high command ;
Pay dutious homage to your king,
And own his ruling hand.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

343. *Proper Metre.*

1

O WHEN shall this aspiring soul,
Freed from the body's dull controul,
 Assert its native birth?
When, on exulting pinions rise,
And look triumphant from the skies
 On these low scenes of earth?

2

Shall these weak limbs, this sinking frame,
Bowed to that dust from which they came,
 The soaring spirit bind?
Can sickness, sorrow, care, and pain,
And all the ills in fortune's train,
 Enchain the powers of mind?

3

No, even in this earthly sphere
She feels the hour approaching near
 That plumes her half-fledged wings;
And even now, with new delight,
She with a short but rapid flight,
 Towards brighter regions springs.

4

Shall then the strong impassioned glow
That longs a future state to know
 In hopeless gloom expire?
Or canst thou in thy darkling hour
Distrust thy great Creator's power
 To wake the slumbering fire?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5

Eternity, like waves that sweep
The trusting seaman o'er the deep,
Is ever, ever near ;
Thin is the veil the bound that hides,
A touch, a breath that veil divides,
Eternity is here !

344. *Proper Metre.*

1

SING, ye sons of might ; O sing
Praise to heavens eternal king ;
Power and strength to him assign,
Bow before his hallowed shrine.

2

Hark ! his voice in thunder breaks ;
Hushed in silence, while he speaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll.

3

Now the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play ;
Lo ! the wilds by man untrod
Hear dismayed the approaching God.

4

He the swelling surge commands ;
Fixt his throne for ever stands ;
He his people shall increase,
And with safety crown, and peace.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

345. *Short Metre.*

1

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3

God, our eternal friend,
No present good denies,
And, when our mortal course shall end,
Will call us to the skies.

4

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

6

Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

346. *Long Metre.*

1

AH ! wretched souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win !

2

May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward !

3

O be his service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme controul,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5

O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways !
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

347. *Proper Metre.*

1

WHY breathes my anxious heart the frequent
sigh?

Why from my weak eye drops the ready tear?
Is it to mark how present blessings fly?
Is it that griefs to come awake my fear?

2

O may I still with thankful heart enjoy
The various gifts indulgent heaven bestows!
Nor let ungrateful diffidence destroy
The present good, with fears of future woes.

3

Nor let me curious ask if dark or fair
My future hours, but in the hand divin
With full affiance leave my every care;
Be hope and humble resignation mine.

4

Celestial guests! your smile can cheer the heart
When melancholy spreads her deepening gloom;
O come, your animating power impart,
And bid sweet flowers amid the desert bloom.

5

My God, my guide, be thou for ever near,
Support my steps, point out my devious way;
Preserve my heart from every anxious fear,
Gild each dark scene with thine enlivening ray.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

348. *Short Metre.*

1

O LORD, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2

When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies :

3

When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms ?

4

Lord, what is mortal man,
That thou should'st love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5

O Lord, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine :
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

349. *Long Metre.*

1

SUPREME and universal light !
Fountain of reason, judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below :

2

Without whose kind directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray ;
From passion still to passion tost,
And in a maze of error lost :

3

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

4

May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

5

O Father, grace and virtue grant ;
No more I wish, no more I want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

350. *Common Metre.*

1

O GOD, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care ;
Thou wilt the father, and the friend,
In every act appear.

2

With open hand and liberal heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply ;
To us thy benefits impart,
And no good thing deny.

3

Our father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love :
To thine appointments we submit,
And every choice approve.

4

In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust ;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

5

We cannot want while God provides ;
What he allots is best ;
And heaven, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

351. *Long Metre.*

1

So LET our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our maker God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of our Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

352. *Proper Metre.*

1

God, our kind master, merciful as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust ;
His ear is open to the softest cry ;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

He reads the language of the silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere :
He marks the dawu of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

3

O set me from all earthly bondage free ;
Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets, cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

353. *Common Metre.*

1

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind ;
With flattering looks it tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2

With names of virtue it deceives
The aged and the young ;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
It makes his fetters strong.

3

It pleads for all the joys it brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things
And chains it down to sense.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

354. *Short Metre.*

1

MY GOD, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my earnest cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2

For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

3

In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

355. *Long Metre.*

1

THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways !
How firm his truth, how large his grace !
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2

Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3

Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The guilt of those whom he approves.

4

The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength which he bestows.

5

He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies ;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

6

But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure :
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

356. *Common Metre.*

1

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

3

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please :
The hoary alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the boisterous seas.

4

Think, O my soul, devoutly think
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

5

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

6

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
While in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

7

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

8

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will,
The sea that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

9

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

10

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

357. *Common Metre.*

1

WHAT is the first and great command?
To love thy God above:
And what the second? As thyself
Thy neighbour thou shalt love.

2

Who is my neighbour? He who wants
The help which thou canst give:
And both the law and prophets say
This do, and thou shalt live.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

358. *Long Metre.*

1

WHAT works of wisdom, power, and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove ;
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name ?

2

On eyes that never saw the day
He pours the bright celestial ray ;
And deafened ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

3

Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve ; and free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

4

The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers ;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.

5

Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace ?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

359. *Proper Metre.*

1

To THEE, supreme, eternal mind,
All-wise, all-perfect, ever kind,
 My thoughts direct their flight ;
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee derived, unchanging source
 Of intellectual light.

2

To me her better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart
 By studious thought refined ;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For power, its amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er the mind.

3

O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way
 Through life's perplexing road ;
The mists of error to controul,
And through its gloom, direct my soul
 To happiness and good.

4

Beneath her clear-discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly
 Of folly's painted show ;
She sees, through every fair disguise,
That all but virtue's solid joys
 Is vanity and woe.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

360. *Long Metre.*

1

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2

By influence of the light divine,
Let thine own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

3

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design to do or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5

All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

361. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

2

Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.

3

Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That he by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.

4

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
Whilst struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our father and our God.

5

Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace ;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

362. *Long Metre.*

1

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

2

There shall the servants of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprizing honour ! vast reward
Conferred on man by love divine.

3

The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

4

And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view ?
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble, dying strength renew.

5

On wings of faith and strong desire
O may our spirits daily rise,
And reach at last the shining choir
In the bright mansions of the skies !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

363. *Common Metre.*

1

ALL nature dies, and lives again ;
The flower that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
Divine instruction yield.

2

Stript are the honours of their form
By winter's stormy blast,
They leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.

3

Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4

So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

5

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest !

6

Cheered by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

364. *Proper Metre.*

1

PARENT of good ! thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight ;
Thy name is all divine ;
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heaven itself that's good or fair,
But what is wholly thine.

2

Immensely high thy glories rise,
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
And sacred pleasure yield ;
An ocean wide without a bound,
Where every noble wish is drowned,
And every want is filled.

3

To thee my warm affections move
In sweet astonishment and love,
While at thy feet I fall ;
I pant for nought beneath the skies,
To thee my ardent wishes rise,
O my eternal All !

4

What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God, through my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore ?
To thee I consecrate my breath,
Let me be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

365. *Long Metre.*

1

As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, corrupt and dead,
Is faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

2

One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

3

To doers only of the word
Propitious is the righteous Lord,
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
And heals their wounds, and sooths their cares.

4

In true and genuine faith we trace
The source of every christian grace ;
Within the pious breast it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

5

Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er it winds its secret way ;
But where these spring not, rich and fair,
The fount has never wandered there.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

366. *Common Metre.*

1

O LORD, how excellent thy name !
How glorious to behold !
Engraven fair on all thy works
In characters of gold !

2

On heaven's immeasurable face,
In lines immensely great,
In small, on every leaf and flower,
Creator God is writ

3

Though reason be not given to all,
Nor voice to thee O sun !
Their maker all proclaim, and here
Their language is but one.

4

From land to land, and world to world,
Thy fame is echoed round ;
And ages as they pass transmit
The never-dying sound..

5

Angels, the eldest sons of light,
Began the lofty song ;
They saw the heavens expand abroad,
And earth on nothing hung.

6

Then man, the last and noblest work
Of all this nether frame,
With the first vital breath he drew,
Confessed from whence he came.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

7

And thou, my soul, what wilt thou do
To speak thy former's praise?
Harmonious hymns and raptures high
This holy theme should raise.

367. *Proper Metre.*

1

O YE who seek Jehovah's face,
Bow at his throne, and feel his grace,
Who ask in prayer and own in praise
That bounteous love which gilds your days,
Catch from above the hallowed flame,
And dignify the Christian name.

2

Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there;
With cheering wine and fragrant oil
Bid languor glow and anguish smile:
Though woe her lowliest form may wear,
Yet God hath stamped his image there.

3

When He, the sovereign judge, draws nigh,
And holds the unerring beam on high,
Then shall sweet charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale;
Jesus shall call his followers home,
"Ye blessed of my Father, come!"

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

368. *Long Metre.*

1

YON glorious orbs that gild the sky
Proclaim the God who reigns on high ;
He pours the radiant stream they boast,
And marshals all the moving host.

2

But glittering stars shall cease to burn ;
The sun forsake his golden urn ;
This earth, these heavens, be swept away,
The splendid pageant of a day.

3

Yet will the Eternal wake to birth
More radiant heavens, a fairer earth,
Whose lustre shall admit no shade,
Whose lasting bloom shall never fade.

4

When time and death shall be no more,
To those bright realms the saints shall soar ;
And welcomed by their faithful Lord
Shall then receive their vast reward.

369. *Proper Metre.*

1

WHEN stern affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God ;
Affliction flies, and hope returns ;
Her lamp with brighter splendor burns,
And love with all his smiling train,
And peace and joy are here again.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

These, these I knew 'twas thine to give;
I trusted; and behold, I live:
O may I still thy favour prove;
Still grant me gratitude and love;
Let thy good spirit guide my heart,
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart.

370. *Short Metre.*

1

YE SERVANTS of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4

O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

371. *Common Metre.*

1

THY names how infinite they be,
Great everlasting One !
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

2

Thine essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound ;
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

3

The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlightened minds ;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds ;

4

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole ;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overwhelms our soul.

5

In vain our haughty reason swells ;
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

372. *Long Metre.*

1

AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life.

3

O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4

To do his heavenly father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

373. *Proper Metre.*

1

MY GOD, all nature owns thy sway ;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day :
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

2

Or, when in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade ;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can more than day's enlivening bloom
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

3

In every scene thy hands have drest,
In every form by thee imprest,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And sooth with change of bliss the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain !
But oft, as on the charms we gaze,
Attune the wandering soul to praise ;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favours rise.

374. *Common Metre.*

THE gifts indulgent heaven bestows
Are variously conveyed ;
The human mind, like nature, shows
Alternate light and shade.

While changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind ?

More gaily smiles the blooming spring
When wintry storms are o'er ;
Retreating sorrow thus may find
Delights unknown before.

Then let us send our fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care,
Though clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

375. *Long Metre.*

1

THOU, Lord, through every changing scene
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2

In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are blest ;
And while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide, and trust.

3

Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place ;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4

Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert and foes invade,
Revive our heart and guard our head.

5

To thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive !
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

376. *Long Metre.*

1

VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord !
All nature rests upon thy word ;
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

2

But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return :
Both man and beast their souls resign ;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

3

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men :
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

4

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke ;
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

5

In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet ;
Thy praises shall my breath employ
'Till it expire in endless joy.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

377. *Common Metre.*

1

O HERE, if ever, God of love!
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

2

Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come, to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3

No, gracious master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The Peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4

“ Thy kingdom come : ” we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

378. *Proper Metre.*

1

WHATE'ER, O Lord, it be thy will to give,
May I with equal mind my lot receive ;
Still may thy promise animate my soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By peaceful waters and through flowery meads,
With caution let me hear her tempting voice,
And doubtful with a trembling heart rejoice.

3

If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee.

4

And when at last I quit this transient scene,
May I look forward with a heart serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to thee, in thee to die.

379. *Long Metre.*

1

Who can by searching find out God ?
Who can ascend his bright abode ?
Yet, Lord, thy glories we adore,
And long to know and love thee more.

2

Thy hand unseen sustains the poles
On which the vast creation rolls ;
The starry skies proclaim thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

In thousand shapes and colours, rise
Thy works to our admiring eyes ;
Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to vale, from field to grove.

4

Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator hath not trod,
And left the footstep of a God.

380. *Common Metre.*

1

To our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addrest !
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2

He spake the word to Abraham first ;
His truth fulfils the grace :
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3

Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

381. *Common Metre.*

1

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We soldiers of an injured king
Are marching to the tomb.

2

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3

Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4

These ashes then, this little dust,
Our father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

382. *Proper Metre.*

1

AH! why should this immortal mind,
Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,
And never, never rise?

Why thus amused with empty toys,
And soothed with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies?

2

The mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.

3

Heaven calls! and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?

Ah, wretched, lingering heart!
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

4

One word of thy resistless power
Can bid my joyful spirit soar,
And scorn the feeble chain;

Come, bear my raptured thoughts above
On pinions of seraphic love,
And earth shall tempt in vain.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

383. *Common Metre.*

1

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !

2

O send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3

From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5

Teach me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

384. *Common Metre.*

1
ALMIGHTY Maker ! Lord of all !
Of life the only spring !
Creator of unnumbered worlds !
Supreme, eternal King !

2
Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride ;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3
Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4
With generous pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great ;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5
Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known :
O give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

6
Feed me with necessary food ;
I ask not wealth or fame :
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

7

Still let my days serenely pass
Without remorse or care ;
And growing holiness, my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

385. *Proper Metre.*

1

MORNING breaks upon the tomb ;
Jesus dissipates its gloom ;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !

2

Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
Chase those unbelieving fears ;
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade ;
Drive your anxious fears away ;
See the place where Jesus lay.

4

So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
So returning beams of light,
Chase the terrors of the night.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

386. *Common Metre.*

1

How vain a thought is bliss below !
'Tis all an airy dream :
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream !

2

Transparent now and all serene
The gentle current flows ;
While fancy draws the flattering scene,
How fair the landscape shows !

3

But soon its transient charms decay
When ruffling tempests blow ;
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.

4

O let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond the scenes of night ;
In heaven substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight.

5

No fleeting scene there cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles ;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

387. *Long Metre.*

1

THAT solemn day will soon arrive,
The important, the decisive day,
When, from death's awful slumber roused,
God's dread command all must obey.

2

Deep thunders usher in the morn,
And through the heavens tremendous roll;
The wide expanse is all on fire,
While lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

3

In glory, see the judge descends,
Arrayed in majesty and might;
Attended by ten thousand saints,
And angels of celestial light.

4

The trumpet's loud and dreadful blast
Sounds through the regions of the dead :
With terror some, and some with joy,
Rise from the dust, their lowly bed.

5

All-righteous and eternal judge!
When summoned at thy bar to stand,
May we, acquitted and approved,
Be crowned with bliss at thy right hand.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

388. *Common Metre.*

1

LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy beloved son.

2

Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
Your Father's bounty taste ;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.

3

Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full supply ;
God has unmeasured bliss to give,
And joys that never die.

4

Can those who hear the saviour's voice
Renounce celestial joys,
And cling with fond and fatal choice
To earth's delusive toys ?

5

Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee
With sweet, resistless power ;
Thy boundless grace let sinners see,
And at thy feet adore.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

389. *Long Metre.*

1

PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

2

He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn,
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5

His saints are lovely in his sight ;
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

390. *Common Metre.*

1

WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

2

Not all the malice of his foes
His pity could subdue;
"Forgive them Father," he exclaimed,
"They know not what they do."

3

O what a love was here displayed,
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught!

4

Let not his sacred truths, by us
Be lost or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 'twas for us he died.

391. *Long Metre.*

1

MY SOUL, forbear on transient things
Thy hopes and fond desires to place;
Their gain no solid comfort brings,
And weary is the doubtful chace.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

Let faith direct my longing eyes
To realms of lasting joy above,
Where pleasures ever-blooming rise,
And holy spirits feed on love.

3

Thence sin, and pain, and death, and night,
Far off for ever shall retire ;
And from God's throne, the friendliest light
Shall beam, and utmost bliss inspire.

4

Compared with this, how fade away
The brightest scenes of earthly joy !
Mount up, my soul, to native day,
Nor rest thy hopes beneath the sky.

392. *Common Metre.*

1

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

2

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3

Gay is thy morning ; flattering hope
Thy sprightly steps attends ;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

4

Before its splendid hour, the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light ;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarrys but a night.

393. *Long Metre.*

1

Who, gracious father, shall complain,
Under thy mild and equal reign ?
Who does a weight of duty share,
More than his powers and aids can bear ?

2

With differing climes, and differing lands,
With fertile plains, and barren sands,
Thy wisdom formed this earthly round,
And set the nations in their bound :

3

Varied alike, thy moral ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter, day ;
The God of all, unkind to none,
To all the path of life hath shown.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4

O the abounding grace, which brought
To us the words by Jesus taught!
So blest, and with such hopes inspired,
How much is given, how much required!

394. *Proper Metre.*

1

O THOU that hear'st the contrite sigh !
O God, without whose breath I die !
In thee is all my trust ;
Tis thine to heal each mortal pain,
Or at thy will to break the chain
That binds me to the dust.

2

Why should I doubt that power to save,
Which e'en upon the shrouded grave
Beams ever-living light ?
Is there no peace beyond the tomb ?
No sun of love to gild the gloom
Of stern affliction's night ?

3

The power that bade the planets roll,
The arm that bends to no control,
That power, that arm is mine ;
To thee, when death shall be no more,
O God, on high, my soul shall soar,
For ever, ever thine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

395. *Common Meire.*

1

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2

The hand that now withholds my joys
Can reinstate my peace ;
And he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

3

In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

4

When darkness and when sorrows rose
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my guide.

5

Here will I rest, here build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

396. *Long Metre.*

1

YE WEAK inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before the Eternal's awful throne.

2

With trembling heart, with solemn eye,
Behold Jehovah seated high ;
And search what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

3

Let Lebanon its cedars bring
To blaze before the sovereign king ;
And all the beasts that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed.

4

Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.

5

The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky and earth and sea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

397. *Proper Metre.*

1

YE MIDNIGHT horrors! awful gloom!
Ye silent regions of the tomb!

My future peaceful bed;
Here shall my weary eyes be closed,
And every sorrow lie reposed
In death's oppressive shade.

2

Religion, ere the hand of fate
Shall make reflection plead too late,
My erring senses teach,
Amidst the flattering hopes of youth,
To meditate the solemn truth
These awful relics preach.

3

Thy penetrating beams disperse
The mist of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal spring;
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel form
The pale terrific king.

4

When, sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble prayer,
And owns thy threatening just;
Thy voice the shuddering suppliant cheers,
With mercy calms her tottering fears,
And lifts her from the dust.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5

Sublimed by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate ;
Unmoved, her destined change surveys,
And, armed by faith, intrepid pays
The universal debt.

398. *Common Metre.*

1

God, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

4

Then to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

399. *Short Metre.*

1

WITHIN a gloomy cell,
Where horrors spread around,
Behold the soul, ensnared by sin,
With massy fetters bound.

2

No cheerful note is heard,
No morn dispels the night;
E'en hope, reluctant to depart,
Hath winged her tardy flight.

3

But lo! a noon-tide blaze ;
Hark ! a triumphant cry ;
Look up, O captive, and rejoice,
Thy great redeemer's nigh.

4

'Tis God's beloved son ;
He comes to loose thy chain,
To lead thee forth to light and day,
And make thee free again.

5

O seize the proffered bliss ;
Haste from thy prison gloom ;
Nor linger Satan's willing slave,
Or hell will be thy doom.

6

Behold the happy train,
The rescued of thy race ;
Go, hymn with them the saviour's love,
And God's unbounded grace.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

400. *Common Metre.*

1

To CALM the sorrows of the mind
Our heavenly friend is nigh ;
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.

2

Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret woe controul ;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.

3

Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst sooth each mortal care ;
And every deep and heart-felt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

4

Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;
Thy potent arm can save
From threatening danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

5

Eternal source of life and health,
And every bliss we feel !
In sorrow and in joy to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

401. *Long Metre.*

1

God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise :
The song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4

But oh ! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !

5

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

6

The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul can live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

402. *Proper Metre.*

1

HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
The opening year his bounty shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2

Thou earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass and corn, and oil and wine;
Crowned with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that liberal hand confessing,
Which thro' each heart diffuseth every blessing.

3

His mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade
Still see new bounties thro' new scenes displayed;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God.
The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

4

Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine;
While human years are measured by the sun,
And while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

403. *Long Metre.*

1

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2

Parched by the sun's meridian ray,
Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
The short-lived beauties die away,
The momentary glories waste.

3

So blooms the human face divine
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4

Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5

Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6

Let sickness blast and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains ;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

404. *Common Metre.*

1

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
 Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
 And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2

Are health and ease my happy share?
 O may I bless my God!
Thy bounty let my songs declare,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

3

While such delightful gifts as these
 Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
 Devoted, Lord, to thee.

4

And oh! whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy providence denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise;—

5

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

405. *Long Metre.*

1

LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2

Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.

3

In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all my faculties combined,
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.

4

And may my song, with solemn sound,
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

406. *Common Metre.*

1

AUTHOR of good ! to thee I turn ;
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply ;
The good unasked let mercy grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

407. *Long Metre.*

1

WHY do we lavish out our years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While in the various range of thought
“ The one thing needful ” is forgot ?

2

Our father calls us from above ;
Our saviour pleads his dying love ;
Awakened conscience gives us pain ;
Shall all these pleas unite in vain ?

3

No so our dying eyes shall view
The objects which we now pursue ;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4

Almighty God, thy power impart,
And fix conviction on the heart ;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the proudest scorner wise.

408. *Proper Metre.*

1

THE man is blest who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;
Honour and peace his days attend :
He hath dispersed his alms abroad ;
His works are still before his God ;
His name shall through long years descend.

2

His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed ;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

3

Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground ;
His conscience holds his courage up :
The soul that's filled with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

409. *Long Metre.*

1

Is THERE no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care
Which nature must, but cannot bear?

2

Can reason's dictates be obeyed?
Too weak, alas! her strongest aid;
O let religion then be nigh,
Her consolations never die.

3

Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her strong controul;
While she unfolds the sacred page
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

4

Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

5

The promise guides her ardent flight,
And joys unknown to sense invite,
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

410. *Long Metre.*

1

TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, thy way,
That to my life's remotest day,
By thine unerring precepts led,
My willing feet thy paths may tread.

2

Informed by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee entire obedience yield.

3

O turn from vanity mine eye ;
My soul with holy strength supply ;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

4

Long as within this house of clay
Supported by thy power I stay,
Thy mercy let thy servant see ;
Grant me to live conformed to thee.

5

That mercy, Lord, whose beams extend
Far as the world's remotest end,
That mercy to my soul impart ;
Engrave thy precepts on my heart.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

411. *Short Meire.*

1

LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2

Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3

He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4

Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5

Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6

By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

412. *Common Metre.*

1

SOON will our fleeting hours be past,
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.

2

May he from whom all blessings flow
Our sacred rites attend,
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end :

3

And, as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve ;
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

413. *Proper Metre.*

1

GRACIOUS source of every blessing !
Guard our breasts from anxious fears ;
May we, still thy love possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.

2

All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way,
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

ANTHEM.

HOLY, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty !
Thou to whom alone are
All praise and glory due !

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty !
Father everlasting !
Righteous, just and true !

Bending down before thee,
Lo ! thy sons adore thee,
Hand and voice declaring
Jehovah is thy name :
Winds in tempests blowing,
Waves o'er ocean flowing,
To remotest regions
Thy might and power proclaim.

In the heavens' expansion
Thou hast fixed thy mansion,
Clouds of endless glory
Encompassing thy throne !
Heard but in thy thunders !
Seen but in thy wonders !
Through eternal ages
Thou art God alone !

'Tis thy breath informs us,
'Tis thy spirit warms us,
If thy face be turned
 We should cease to be!
Height nor depth oppose thee,
Trembling nature knows thee,
Through the vast creation
 There is none but thee!

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty!
Thou to whom alone are
All praise and glory due!
Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty!
Father everlasting!
Righteous, just and true!

FINIS.

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IT has been attempted to arrange the Psalms and Hymns of this Collection, with as much accuracy as possible, under the following Heads; but as in many instances a Hymn embraces various topics, it will be found under two or more divisions of the Index.

- I. FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.
- II. PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.
- III. ADORATION OF GOD ALONE.
- IV. THE ATTRIBUTES AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.
- V. THE GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.
- VI. WORSHIP AND DEVOTION.
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- 6 O Father, though the anxious fear *Morning.*
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- 10 Great God ! this sacred day of thine *Morning.*
- 11 Lord, before thy presence come,
- 12 To thee, my God, without delay, *Psalm lxiii.—Morn.*
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32 Eternal source of life and thought!
33 Here, Lord, within thy sacred dome,
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